

# THE CRITIC:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XIX.—No. 478.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

Price 4d.; stamped 5d.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—The PROSPECTUS for the Academical Year commencing October 1, 1859 (containing information about the several Departments of Theology, General Literature, Medicine, Applied Sciences, and Military Science, as well as about the School and the Evening Classes), is now ready, and will be sent on application to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., King's College, London, W.C. If letters are endorsed "Prospectus" on the outside, it will save delay. R. W. JEFF, D.D., Principal.

**HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE, instituted** for the purpose of affording, at a moderate expense, a superior Commercial and Collegiate Education upon a Scriptural basis. At the commencement of the next quarter (October 3rd) the principal will be prepared to RECEIVE a few additional BOARDERS into his house (portion of the College Buildings). Terms and prospectuses may be obtained on application to the Hon. Sec., or to SAMUEL SHARPE, LL.B., Principal.

**BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.** The NEXT MEETING will be held at ABERDEEN, commencing on WEDNESDAY, September 14, 1859, under the Presidency of His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT. The Reception Room will be the Mechanics' Hall, Market-street. Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the meeting, may be addressed to JOHN PHILLIPS, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant General Secretary, University Museum, Oxford; or to Prof. NICOL, Prof. FULLER, and JOHN F. WHITE, Esq., Local Secretaries, Aberdeen. JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer, & Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

**EDINBURGH ACADEMY.**—Incorporated by royal charter, 5 Geo. 4.—The next Session of the Edinburgh Academy will COMMENCE on Monday, 2nd October, at ten o'clock, when Mr. Carmichael will open the first or junior class. The academy is an institution in which young gentlemen, from eight or ten to sixteen or seventeen years of age and upwards, receive a thorough education in classics, modern languages, mathematics, and English literature. Although the academy is essentially a classical institution, a modern side has been added to the school, for the advantage of young gentlemen who mean to enter the military or civil service, or to follow pursuits in which an extensive acquaintance with classics is not required. On Friday, 30th September, and Saturday, 1st October, attendance will be given at the Academy from 12 to 3 o'clock for the enrolment of new pupils.—Any additional information may be obtained from Mr. PATRICKSON, Clerk to the Directors, No. 21, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh.

**CHANGES in the MANAGEMENT of the LADIES' READING-ROOM.** 14A, PRINCES-STREET, CAVENTISH-SQUARE, W. NOW OPEN FROM TEN TILL TEN. The wants of a Reading-Room for Ladies having been long felt, a commodious Room, at 14A, Princes-street, has been secured for the purpose. The Reading-Room is furnished with the leading Papers (Daily and Weekly), the Reviews and Magazines. Membership to Ladies only, and a reference strictly required from all subscribers. The Managers of the Reading-Room, sincerely desirous to make it as extensively useful as possible, wish to announce that the following scale of prices has been arranged:—Membership for one year to be secured by the payment of One Guinea. A subscription of 21 2s. will enable ladies to bring a friend. Professional ladies will be charged only Half-a-Guinea. Country Subscribers, Half-price. A cup of tea or coffee and a piece of bread and butter supplied for Fourpence.

THE FOLLOWING PERIODICALS ARE PROVIDED:—  
The Times, Morning Star, Quarterly Review, Edinburgh Review, Westminster Review, Revue des Deux Mondes, Blackwood's Magazine, Fraser's Magazine, All the Year Round, Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, National Magazine, Punch.  
And a selection of Foreign and Provincial Papers. This List will be gradually increased.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.** JUNIOR SCHOOL. Under the Government of the Council of the College. Head Master—Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M. The SCHOOL will REOPEN on TUESDAY, SEPT. 20, for new pupils. All the boys must appear in their places without fail on Wednesday, the 21st, at a quarter past nine o'clock. The Session is divided into three terms, viz. from the 20th of September to Christmas, from Christmas to Easter, and from Easter to the 1st of August. The yearly payment for each pupil is 18l., of which 6l. is paid in advance in each term. The hours of attendance are from a quarter past nine to three-quarters past three o'clock. The afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays are devoted exclusively to drawing. The subjects taught are—Reading, Writing, the English, Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages, Ancient and English History, Geography, Physical and Political, Arithmetic and Bookkeeping, the elements of Mathematics, Chemistry, and Natural Philosophy, Social Science, Gymnastics, Fencing, and Drawing. Any pupil may omit Greek, or Greek and Latin, and devote his whole attention to the other branches of education. There is a general examination of the pupils at the end of the session, and the prizes are then given. At the end of each of the first two terms, there are short examinations, which are taken into account in the general examination. No absence by a boy from any one of the examinations of his classes is permitted, except for reasons submitted to and approved by the Head Master. The discipline of the School is maintained without corporal punishment. A monthly report of the conduct of each pupil is sent to his parent or guardian. Further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council. The College Lectures in the Classes of the Faculty of Medicine will commence on Monday, the 3rd of October; those of the Faculty of Arts on Wednesday, the 12th of October.

**EXAMINATIONS in SCIENCE.** Teachers wishing to attend the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in—1. Practical and Descriptive Geometry, with Mechanical and Machine Drawing, and Building Construction; 2. Physics; 3. Chemistry; 4. Geology and Mineralogy (applied to Mining); 5. Natural History, for the purpose of obtaining augmentation grants to their salaries, must send their names, addresses, and present occupation to the Secretary of the Department, South Kensington, on or before the 31st of October, 1859. The Examinations will be held in the Metropolis in the first week of November. Certificates of three grades will be granted in each subject, giving the holder an augmentation grant of 10l., 15l., or 20l. a year on each certificate, while giving instruction to a class of operatives in that subject. These payments will be in addition to the value of any certificates of competency for giving primary instruction, which the teacher may have already obtained from the Committee of Council on Education. By authority of the Committee of Council on Education.

**MEMORIAL of the late JOSEPH STURGE, Esq.**—The following noblemen and gentlemen have already consented to act upon the COMMITTEE:—The Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, The Right Hon. Lord Brougham and Vaux, The Right Hon. Lord Leighton, The Lord Mayor of London, Sir John Rastell, Knight, Mayor of Birmingham, M. D. Hill, Esq., Q.C., Recorder, The Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, Esq., M.P., William Scholefield, Esq., M.P., John Bright, Esq., M.P., E. Baines, Esq., M.P., Richard Cobden, Esq., M.P., Charles Gilpin, Esq., M.P., Samuel Garney, Esq., M.P., Henry Pease, Esq., M.P., Sir Francis E. Scott, Bart., T. R. Hill, Esq., Mayor of Worcester.

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**KEAN TESTIMONIAL.**—Subscriptions previously announced, 1820l. 1s. Additional Subscriptions since received:—  
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**BIRTHPLACE of DR. CHALMERS, ANSTRUTHER.** TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC ROUP. Within Messrs. DOWELL and LYON'S Rooms, No. 18, George-street, Edinburgh, on Tuesday, the 6th day of September next, at Two o'clock, afternoon (if not previously dis- posed of by Private Bargain), all and whole that DWELLING- HOUSE at ANSTRUTHER, in which the REV. DR. CHALMERS WAS BORN, containing, on the ground floor, front and back kitchens, one large public room, and one bedroom; on the upper floor, three rooms and one store- room; a large attic above; and three cellars in the sunk storey. Upset price, 200l. Rent, 16l. Fendaty, 1s. 3d. Entry at Martinmas next. Further particulars may be learned on application to the Proprietor at the house, or to WILLIAM KILSO THWAITES, S.S.C., 15, Howe-street, Edinburgh, who is in the possession of the title-deeds and articles of roup.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Arrangements for week ending Saturday, September 10. Monday.—Open at 10. Tuesday.—Open at 10. Display of Great Fountains and entire series of Waterworks. Admission One Shilling; children under twelve, Sixpence. Wednesday.—Open at 12. Grand Flower Show. Band of the Royal Marines in the evening. Admission by season tickets or on payment of Half-a-crown. Thursday.—Open at 10. Last day of Flower Show. Friday.—Open at 10. Admission 2 1/2 day, One Shilling; children under twelve, Sixpence. Saturday.—Open at 10. Grand concert by Miles. Picce- mini, Titiens, &c., &c. Admission on Wednesday. Sunday.—Open at 1.50, to 8l. holders gratuitously by tickets.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE SEASON** TICKETS, at the uniform rate of 10s. 6d. each, admit- ting from the 1st September until the 1st May, 1860, may be had at the Crystal Palace, at Exeter Hall, at the Rail- way Station, and the usual agents.

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## THE HON. GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY IN THE UNITED STATES.

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**READILY** complying with a wish expressed by the conductors of *THE FIELD*, Mr. Berkeley has embarked for the United States, there to spend the present autumn and a portion of the coming winter.

Our object, and Mr. Berkeley's aim, are—to test the New World in respect to its field sports and pastimes, that he may be enabled to narrate his experiences in our columns, and show where a determined and hardened Britisher may find sport on the other side of the Atlantic, and of what kind it will be.

Mr. Berkeley will penetrate "the far West," and "rough it" where the buffalo pastures in his native prairie; where the moose and the deer are natural denizens; where, by the unerring instinct of the Red Indian, he will be guided to the haunts of the wild tenants of this terra incognita of English sportsmen. And, if time and opportunity allow, Mr. Berkeley will test with the angle the lakes which lie in his route; and he will endeavour to add somewhat to the stores of natural science.

Equally in a social and international, as well as a sportsman's sense, are we gratified that Mr. Berkeley has undertaken the mission which *The Field* proposed to him. Our sons and daughters on the other side of "the great gulf" have hitherto been systematically caricatured, and their habits and customs as systematically burlesqued, by English travellers. John Bull respects Jonathan, and he shows this respect in every way except in the books which English authors have written to show the degeneracy of his distant offspring. An English country gentleman will look at America and the Americans from a point of view altogether different from that taken by a Dickens, a Trollope, and other professional writers. It will be a novelty alike to readers at home and to readers in America; and the country gentlemen of England will be glad to receive from one of themselves, especially from so keen an observer and so graphic a sketcher of nature as Mr. Berkeley, a faithful narrative of country sports and country life as they exist in the United States. It will be Mr. Berkeley's effort to see and know the American in his home, in his farm, at his country seat, in the forest, on the prairies, and among the Indians outside that civilisation which has become a world's wonder and a world's envy.

That Mr. Berkeley will be cordially received by our brethren across the Atlantic, we have already ample assurance. As a distinguished member of a great and ancient English family—as the chosen embodiment and representative of English sport and sportsmen—and as a friend and constant contributor to *The Field*, the journal of English sports and pastimes—Mr. Berkeley in the United States will, we know, be heartily welcomed and fully appreciated.

The announcement of this visit and its purpose has been communicated to the people of the United States in the following note addressed to their leading public journals.

Beacon Lodge, Christchurch, July 30, 1859.

SIR,—Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to address a few words to my brother sportsmen in the United States.

An opportunity which I have often longed for has been afforded me of paying a visit to New York, starting from Liverpool, for the express purpose of fraternising with the disciples of St. Hubert, shaking hands with my Transatlantic brethren, and, with the advice of my brother sportsmen, proceeding through a portion of the cultivated country to the magnificent prairies, gathering by the way all information—scientific, agricultural, and ornithological—that it is possible for me to collect. My stay in the United States must of necessity be limited, but, under the blessing of Heaven, I hope, ere my return to spend my Christmas in England, to have achieved and learnt enough to enable me to tell my countrymen a tale, and to point out to them the route and the outlay required for others in future times to follow my example. (My narrative, I need hardly add, will appear in the columns of the *London Field*.)

I shall bring with me some of my hounds and dogs, the faithful companions of my leisure hours, and throw myself on that kindness which, from my experience of the American character in other climes, I am convinced was never by a stranger sought in vain. I expect to arrive at New York on or about the 3rd of September.

Your obedient humble servant,  
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No. 5, JAMES HANNAY, October 2, No. 430.	
No. 6, CHARLES MACKAY, November 6, No. 435.	
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No. 15, SYDNEY LADY MORGAN, July 9, No. 470.	
No. 16, W. HOWARD RUSSELL, August 6, No. 474.	

Portraits of LORD MACAULAY, PROFESSOR FARADAY, and others, will follow, from Photographs by Mr. MAYALL, Messrs. MAULL and POLYBLANK, Mr. CLARINGTON, Mr. HERBERT WATKINS, and other eminent photographic artists.

Each Portrait is accompanied by a fac-simile Autograph and Biographical Sketch.

Copies of each or either of the above sent post free for five stamps, or may be had by order of any Bookseller.

The Portraits may also be obtained in the Monthly Parts of the CRITIC, on July 1st, August 1st, September 1st, October 1st, November 1st, December 1st, 1858, and January 1st, February 1st, March 1st, April 1st, May 1st, June 1st, July 1st, and August 1st, price 1s. 6d. each, comprising also the entire Literature and Art of the time.

CRITIC Office, 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.



# THE CRITIC.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MR. R. C. LUCAS, the sculptor, who some years ago made the two models of the Parthenon now exhibited in the Elgin Saloon of the British Museum, is at present engaged in investigating the sculptured remains of the Mausoleum brought over from Budrum by Mr. NEWTON, with a view to making a model of that famous monument of antiquity in what he conceives to have been the exact form of its construction. From a statement of Mr. LUCAS that we have seen in print, although not yet published, he appears to differ considerably in his conclusions with respect to the construction of the monument from both Mr. NEWTON and Lieutenant SMITH, the latter of whom made such measurements on the spot as convinced Mr. NEWTON "that the general plan of the Mausoleum proposed by Mr. SMITH approximates more nearly to the true form of that edifice, and can be more satisfactorily reconciled with the measurements given by PLINY, than any restoration hitherto published." Before this plan appeared, however, Professor COCKERELL's restoration, with some modifications by Mr. FAULKNER, was that which was generally accepted. This differs considerably from Lieut. SMITH's. The fact is, that PLINY's description of the building is very difficult to understand. "The most difficult question connected with the Mausoleum," says Professor KINKEL in an able article on the subject in the *National Review*, "is the construction of the building. An eye accustomed to the proportions of the Grecian temple is bewildered by the strange form of a pyramid rising in steps, and surmounting a rectangular building with columns. Nor can it be denied that in all attempts to draw the Mausoleum, either from the descriptions of the ancients or from its real remains, this pyramid will be found repugnant to occidental taste. Yet it is quite conformed to the spirit of the East." It is principally with respect to the height of this pyramid, surmounted by the quadriga, that Mr. LUCAS finds fault with the proposed restoration of Lieut. SMITH; certain steps having been found which Mr. SMITH states to have been the steps of the pyramid, but which Mr. LUCAS believes, from their height, &c., to have been the steps of ascent to the monument itself. This is the great point at issue, for, says Mr. LUCAS, such steps as these could not have formed "the lofty pyramid that surmounted the Mausoleum." For ourselves, although much more favourably disposed towards the plan of Lieut. SMITH, endorsed by Mr. NEWTON, we have much pleasure in learning that the trustees of the British Museum have placed every facility in the way of Mr. LUCAS for the construction of his proposed model.

NOW THAT THE SALE of Lord Northwick's pictures has concluded, after realising a sum little short of 100,000*l.*, the question arises, "How many works of art out of the vast number thus offered to public competition have been secured for our National Gallery?" We are sorry to be obliged to answer that the number is very small indeed—five only, so far as we have been able to ascertain, out of about fifteen hundred. The list is as follows: No. 565. GIROLAMO DA TREVISIO, "The Virgin seated on a Throne," &c., an altar-piece, and certainly a very fine picture, purchased for 472*l.* 10*s.* No. 578. GIULIO ROMANO, "The Birth of Jupiter," a genuine picture by the master, but meretricious in its treatment, 920*l.* 1087. MORETTO DA BRESCIA, "The Glorification of the Virgin," justly styled "a noble picture," 577*l.* 10*s.* 1127. MASACCIO, "His own Portrait," the same that was exhibited at Manchester, and an exquisite specimen of the master, 108*l.* 3*s.* 1114. TERBURG, "A full Portrait of a Gentleman in Black." This picture, after hanging in the exhibition room at Messrs. GRAVES's for about five years, without attracting any notice from the authorities at the National Gallery, was purchased by Lord Northwick for 15*s.*, and at his sale was bought for the National Gallery for the comparatively large sum of 68*l.* 5*s.* With this the list of the National Gallery purchases ends. But why were not some of the other fine things in the collection secured likewise for the English public? Why was that magnificent picture by GAROFALO, "The Stoning of St. Stephen," allowed to pass into private hands without an effort on the part of Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE to obtain it for the nation? It was sold for only 1606*l.* 10*s.*, a sum which we have been told is far below its value. We have been told also that Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE's attention had been strongly drawn to it, but that, upon being pressed to give a commission for it for the National Gallery, he replied that he knew where there was as good a one to be had. We feel almost inclined to dare him to produce it. Other pictures, too, there were by BRONZINO, VANDER CAPELLA, CAMPHUYSEN, VANDER HEYDEN,\* &c., which might have been obtained for comparatively small sums for the National Gallery, but which have been allowed unaccountably to pass into private collections, from which it is doubtful whether they will ever emerge.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE has been doing honour to one of her most distinguished sons, Dr. ISAAC BARROW, by publishing a new edition of his works, the most accurate and complete hitherto extant. Its title is as follows: "The Theological Works of Isaac Barrow, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. In nine

volumes. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by the Rev. ALEXANDER NAPIER, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Holkham, Norfolk. Cambridge: At the University Press." In these nine volumes are contained the author's sixty-four sermons on miscellaneous subjects; thirty-two sermons on the Creed; an "Exposition of the Creed," in the form of a treatise, also an "Exposition of the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Sacraments;" "Treatise of the Pope's Supremacy;" "Discourse of the Unity of the Church;" "Opuscula;" "Poemata;" two dissertations, and sermons, &c., attributed to BARROW. Of all this mass of writing it is strange that only a very small portion was published by the author himself during his lifetime—in fact, only two sermons, the Spital sermon, preached in 1671, and the Guildhall sermon, in 1677, both of which were published by request. His other works were published at intervals, after his death, by Archbishop TILLOTSON and BRABAZON AYLMER, with the exception of a few recently discovered. The MSS. of most of the sermons are still existing in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the present editor has had recourse to these in correcting the text and restoring the author's own readings, many of which had been intentionally altered by Archbishop TILLOTSON, to suit his own ideas of euphonious writing. Prefixed to this edition the reader will also find "Some account of the Life of Dr. Isaac Barrow, by ABRAHAM HILL," and in the last volume "A notice of Barrow's Life and Academical Times, by W. WHEWELL, D.D." The latter contains very little that is new respecting the author's life. Indeed, it is almost impossible now, according to Mr. NAPIER, to recover any more facts respecting him than those already recorded by his earliest biographer. The principal of these are, that he was born in London in 1630, the son of a respectable linendraper and citizen; was educated first at the Charter-house, where "for his book he minded it not," and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he must have minded his book very well, for in 1649 he was chosen one of the Fellows, and applied himself to the study of medicine, botany, chemistry, &c., being much smitten by the new discoveries of the natural philosophers of his time. Next he travelled abroad in France, Italy, and even Turkey. Subsequently he entered the Church, and, while known abroad as one of the greatest mathematicians of the age, at home he achieved as high a reputation as a theologian. CHARLES II. made him his chaplain, and paid him the compliment of saying that he was the most unfair preacher he ever knew, "for he never left anything for any one else to say on the subjects which he handled." Dr. BARROW was also praised not only for his great learning, but for his remarkable physical strength and courage; he was a great consumer of tobacco, which he called his "panpharmakon" (has Mr. FAIRHOLT a note of this?); nor was he less sparing in the matter of fruit, which, says his biographer, "was to him physic as well as food; and he thought that if fruit kill hundreds in autumn, it preserves thousands." The fruit, then, he took for his health, and the tobacco because he believed "it did help to regulate his thinking." Dr. BARROW died in London in 1677, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where he is described in his epitaph as "truly great, if there be anything great in piety, probity, faith, the most consummate learning, and modesty no less consummate, morals entirely unspotted, and manners most engaging."

THE TRIBUTE OF EULOGY AND REGRET which has been paid by the press to the memory of LEIGH HUNT is perfectly natural and easy to be accounted for. Not only on account of his merit as a writer—one of the most versatile known—was he a remarkable man, but also because he was one of those pioneers of free opinion who fought for, suffered for, and finally won, the freedom of the Press. LEIGH HUNT was eminently a typical man among pressmen. Without any of that creative faculty which we call genius, he had an abundance of that quality which is commonly called talent, and which enables a man to deal well and freely with all subjects, and to turn his hand to whatever is presented to him. Gifted with great energy and vivacity, a retentive memory, an industrious brain, a great deal of taste and ingenuity, and a remarkable mastery over the English language, LEIGH HUNT was what may be called a model journalist. In any other age it is difficult to say what he might have been; in the first half of the nineteenth century the vocation for which he was fitted beyond all others was created for him—indeed, he lent very important aid in creating it for himself.

He was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, in 1784; when he died, therefore, he was approaching the completion of his seventy-fifth year. Some people believe him to have been older; but they are probably led into that opinion by the inference that, as he helped to found the *Examiner* in the year 1808, he must have been more than twenty-four years of age when he accomplished that feat of journalism. This, however, is a mode of reasoning which is very likely to mislead. In a country which has known a prime minister of twenty-one, and an orator achieving a Parliamentary success in his first tail-coat, we need not feel much astonished at finding a bold and successful journalist of twenty-four.

LEIGH HUNT was educated at Christ's Hospital, and was the school-fellow, as he was the friend, of COLERIDGE and LAMB. His *début* in literature was in connection with his brother, JOHN HUNT, whom he aided in establishing a Sunday paper called *The News*. Upon this journal LEIGH HUNT occupied the post of theatrical critic, and it is a proof of the estimation in which his exertions in that capacity were

\* 1017. "Vander Heyden and Vander Velde. View of the Grounds and Chateau of Ryswick, in which the Peace was signed in 1697." This very fine picture was sold for only 136*l.* 10*s.*

held that his criticisms were afterwards collected and published in separate form in a volume.

Shortly after this, LEIGH HUNT, after in vain attempting to like the profession of the law, got an appointment in the War-office, which however he only held until 1808, when he left it to become founder and joint-proprietor of the *Examiner*, which he edited for many years, and, we are told, "rendered it exceedingly popular." It was in this post that those adventures befel him which have given him such a reputation as a pioneer of the Liberal press. There is no need to inform the reader that the freedom of the press, as now understood, is a very different thing from what it was when the HUNTS founded the *Examiner*. Articles and expressions which no one now thinks of questioning would at that time have brought down the direst vengeance of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and matters which were then made the subject of persecution would now pass muster as perfectly innocuous. It was not long before the free style of writing adopted in the *Examiner* attracted the attention of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and what then befel is briefly and, we believe, correctly related in the following passage extracted from "Men of the Time."

The eve of the Attorney-General, in particular, had long been upon him, and the following passage from one of his political articles in the year 1810, relative to the proposed Regency, was thought worthy of a government prosecution: "What a crowd of blessings rush upon one's mind, that might be bestowed upon the country in the event of such a change! Of all monarchs, indeed, since the Revolution, the successor of George III. will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular." Informations were filed against Leigh Hunt and his brother, and also against Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, who had reprinted the remark. The *Morning Chronicle* was tried first; Mr. Perry defended himself with spirit, justifying the passage, and was acquitted; upon which the information against the *Examiner* was withdrawn. Another opportunity soon presented itself to the officers of the Crown. Some remarks, by no means of a personal character, directed against the practice of flogging in the army, became the subject of a second prosecution, and the trial came on before Lord Ellenborough, 22nd February, 1811. Lord (then Mr.) Brougham was engaged for the defence, and, having cited the opinions of Abercromby and other illustrious Generals in condemnation of the use of the lash, declared that the real question with the jury was, whether on the most important subjects an Englishman had the privilege of expressing himself according to his feelings and opinions—a question which the jury answered in the affirmative by a verdict of not guilty. But this was not to be the last of the Hunts' appearances in the law courts. A fashionable newspaper having called the Prince Regent an Adonis, Leigh Hunt, in a fit of indignation at the Regent's having broken his promise to the Whigs, added—"of fifty." The Prince's vanity triumphed over his discretion, and on the pretended ground of some words of more serious import, a third prosecution was instituted. The jury upon this occasion found a verdict of guilty against Leigh Hunt and his brother John, and each was sentenced to pay a fine of 500l. and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Offers not to press the penalties were made on condition that no similar attacks should appear, but were with constancy rejected. Upon their liberation the Hunts continued to write as before, and maintained the *Examiner* at the head of the weekly metropolitan press, till its fortunes paled for a while before the Tory ascendancy above-mentioned, from which it was redeemed by the wit of Mr. Fonblanque and the event of the Three Glorious Days in Paris, the date at which commences the final downfall of Toryism as the leader of the world.

How far LEIGH HUNT was a martyr in this we shall not stop to inquire. LAMB, and other of his friends who visited him in his adversity, testify to the fact that, so far as an elegant little parlour instead of a cell, a pretty paper on the walls instead of whitewash, plenty of flowers, and birds, and a cottage piano went, HUNT managed to make himself as comfortable as the circumstances of the case admitted. Perhaps, if he had never undergone this imprisonment, he never might have attained the altitude of reputation to which he afterwards reached. These, however, are useless speculations.

On his liberation, LEIGH HUNT, accepting the invitation of his friends SHELLEY and BYRON, went to Italy, where he set up the *Liberal*, and resided for four years. On his return to England he wrote a great many books, and contributed to a great many newspapers and periodicals. Few men have covered so much space or written about so many subjects.

In the year 1847 the QUEEN, stimulated by the advice of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, accorded to LEIGH HUNT a pension of 200l. a year. Since that time he has not done much, restricting himself to the issue of a volume every now and then, and to occasional contributions to the newspapers and periodicals. Up to within a week of his death he supplied an article every week to the *Spectator*, a paper of general criticism, to which he gave the appropriate title of "The Occasional."

It was our wish and intention to have added the portrait of LEIGH HUNT to our picture gallery, and we would willingly do so now that he is gone. Upon inquiry, we find, however, that hope cannot be fulfilled, there being no photographic portrait of him in existence. Many applications were made to him to sit to photographers, and he had even consented to do so; but, from some cause or other, the appointments always fell through, and now there is no reliable portrait of him to be got.

We believe that the following list of LEIGH HUNT's published works will be found very nearly correct:

1. *Juvenilia, or a Collection of Poems written between the ages of Twelve and Sixteen.* London. 1802.
2. *Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres.* London. 1807.
3. *The Feast of the Poets, with Notes, and other Pieces in Verse.* London. 1815.
4. *The Descent of Liberty: a Mask.* London. 1815.
5. *The Story of Rimini: a Poem.* London. 1816.
6. *Musical Copyright. Proceedings of a Trial in the Cause Whitaker v. Hime, with Observations on the Defence made by Mr. Sergeant Joy, Counsel for the Defendant.* London. 1816.
7. *Foliage; or, Poems Original and Translated.* London. 1818.

8. *Ultra-Crepidarius: a Satire on William Gifford.* London. 1823.
9. *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy.* London. 1828.
10. *The Companion.* London. 1828.
11. *Poetical Works.* London. 1832.
12. *The Indicator and the Companion.* 2 vols. London. 1834.
13. *Captain Sword and Captain Pen: a Poem.* London. 1835.
14. *A Legend of Florence: a Play.* London. 1840.
15. *The Seer; or, Common Places Refreshed.* London. 1840.
16. *The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar, with Biographical and Critical Notices.* London. 1840.
17. *The Palfrey: a Love Story of Old Times.* London. 1842. 8vo.
18. *One Hundred Romances of Real Life, Selected and Annotated.* London. 1843.
19. *Imagination and Fancy: Selections from the English Poets.* London. 1844.
20. *Wit and Humour; selected from the English Poets, &c.* London. 1846.
21. *Stories from the Italian Poets.* London. 1846.
22. *Dramatic Works of R. B. Sheridan; with Biographical and Critical Sketch by Leigh Hunt.* London. 1846.
23. *Men, Women, and Books.* 2 vols. London. 1847.
24. *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla.* London. 1848.
25. *The Town, its Memorable Characters and Events.* 2 vols. London. 1848.
26. *Readings for Railways.* London. 1849.
27. *A Book for a Corner.* London. 1849.
28. *Autobiography.* 3 vols. London. 1850.
29. *Sir Ralph Esher; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.* London. 1850. (One of the "Standard Novels.")
30. *Table Talk, &c.* London. 1851.
31. *The Religion of the Heart.* London. 1853.
32. *The Old Court Suburb.* 2 vols. London. 1855.
33. *Stories in Verse.* London. 1855.
34. *Beaumont and Fletcher. With Notes and Preface by LEIGH HUNT.* London. 1855. (One of "Bohn's Standard Library.")

Besides all these, LEIGH HUNT's contributions to periodical and serial literature and to the daily press would fill many volumes, and there are several of his smaller dramatic efforts not included in the above list.

#### SAMUEL LOVER,

DESCRIBED IN BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARIES as "Poet, Novelist, and Painter,"—for in each and every of these forms has he wooed the Muse, and wooed her never in vain,—was born in Dublin "about the close of the last century." Poets, like ladies, claim the privilege of concealing their age, and Mr. LOVER has certainly been aided by Nature in keeping the secret remarkably well; for, although the mention of the last century is itself a proof that he has seen more than three score summers, the fresh and ruddy face, the clear eye, the hair almost untouched by time, and, more than all, the joyous spirit, are witnesses in his favour that the poet ought to be some twenty years younger. We believe, however, that 1797 is the real date of his birth, and that he is therefore in his sixty-second year.

His father was a respectable stockbroker in Dublin, and intended his son for a commercial career. This, however, was not to be. From an early age he manifested a tendency for music and song. To use his own phrase, he used, when quite a child, "to poke out tunes on a pianoforte with one finger." This was noticed by an old musician, a friend of his father, who recommended the cultivation of a talent so decidedly pronounced, and the consequence was that he received proper instruction in music. At school the artistic tendencies of the lad were still further developed, and drawings of battles between the French and the English were to be found on his slate as often as his sums in arithmetic. He also established a reputation among the boys as a seal engraver, and an "alley law," ground down to a hemisphere, afforded a capital disc whereon to carve hands and daggers, hearts and darts, lions rampant, and such like devices. LOVER himself says that he was so well paid in marbles for these heraldic essays that he never needed to spend a penny of his own money in the purchase of these schoolboy necessities. At school also he evinced a love for jingle; for the Saturday's letter, which it was customary to write every week to the master, was often written by him in rhyme.

The first rhymes by LOVER that made any stir, however, were in a song written by him when THOMAS MOORE visited Dublin, in 1818. LOVER, then a young man, had a ticket to the dinner, and had written a song in honour of the occasion, taking for his subject the selection of a poet to the court of Olympus, the choice of course falling upon MOORE. This song having been shown about, LOVER was called upon to sing it, and it was not only encored, but called forth one of MOORE's most brilliant speeches that evening. It is a regrettable fact that no copy of this effusion has been preserved; for when the reporters for the Dublin press applied for a copy to be inserted in the account of the dinner, Mr. LOVER senior, fearing the consequences upon the vanity of his son, refused his consent to its appearance. It is believed that TOM MOORE's mother applied for and obtained a copy of the song, but what has become of that is not known. Speaking of this interesting episode of his youth, LOVER himself says: "It has struck me often as an odd thing that my first appearance in public thus should have been in connection with THOMAS MOORE, beside whose name my own humble one has often since been honourably mentioned, whenever Irish song has been the subject of comment or review. MOORE and I" (he adds) "were in after life personal friends, and interchanged courtesies. It was to me a source of pleasure, and perhaps pardonable pride, that MOORE occasionally entertained the distinguished circles at Bowood by reading some of my 'Legends of Ireland,' with the comic spirit and brogue of the country. He was



richly endowed with the former, and no one could better imitate the latter.

At the outset of his career, Mr. LOVER acquired some fame and a great deal of employment as a miniature painter in Dublin. Some of his miniatures occupied honourable positions at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and among the subjects of his pencil the names of the Marquis of WELLESLEY, the Duke of LEINSTER, Lord BROUGHAM, and PAGANINI are mentioned. In 1836 he was elected a member of the Royal Hibernian Society of Painters, and afterwards became the secretary of that body. Although professionally only known as a miniature painter, LOVER has sometimes painted landscape on a large scale for his own pleasure. It is also a fact "not generally known" that once at the Lyceum, once at the Olympic, and twice at the Haymarket, when the scenic department was overworked or short of hands, LOVER has taken off his coat and painted scenery for his own dramas—probably the only dramatic author that ever did so.

Poet, musician, and painter—which to choose? LOVER says that the world chose for him, and decreed that he was to be an author, and above all, a song-writer. "I knew," he says, "that it would be labour in vain to attempt to paint them out of that dictum, so I was obliged to bow to the decree, and have gratefully accepted it."

LOVER's first published volume appeared about the year 1820 in the form of—

*Legends and Stories of Ireland.* 8vo. Dublin.

A second edition of this appeared in 1832, and a second series, uniform with the above, in 1834. About the same time also appeared,

*Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry.* Dublin. 12mo. 1834.

And a collection of

*Songs and Ballads.* London. 1839.

All this time his reputation as a song-writer was ever on the increase, and his songs, which generally made their first appearance in some of the magazines (to which he had become an extensive contributor), became popular wherever wit and elegant versification were appreciated. Perhaps no song-writer, not even Moore himself, ever acquired such a wide, such a national reputation, as the author of "The Angel's Whisper," "Molly Bawn," "Molly Carew," "The Four-leaved Shamrock," "The Road of Life," and, though last, certainly not least in our best affection, "Rory O'More." Permit the writer of this short biographical sketch to digress for a while, and narrate a little incident which will tend more to prove the popularity of this sweet little "touch of Nature" than volumes of panegyric. It was in Glasgow, this very year and the day after the Burns Festival, that a party of gentlemen (including among their number SAMUEL LOVER and the writer of this sketch) visited the establishment of the Messrs. SYMINGTON, who are well known to the world of trade for their beautiful muslin curtains, and one of whom is almost as well known to the world of letters for literary merit of no common order. In the course of the visit we came to a large room in which a great many young damsels were at work, engaged in the delicate task of taking up loose threads and repairing all accidents that had happened to the delicate fabrics in the progress of the work. These "lassies" looked up with a half-curious air as we entered, and were quietly setting to their work again, when one of the party—it was Mr. PETER CUNNINGHAM (*Petrus ipse*, PETER the son of ALLAN)—stepped forward and said: "Young ladies, I think you ought to know that the author of 'Rory O'More' is in the room, and I think that if you let him go without singing his song it will be your own fault;" whereupon he pushed Mr. LOVER forward, half blushing, all laughing, and covered with the natural confusion of an Irishman. This announcement was received with great applause, and in a moment work was laid aside, and the veteran bard was surrounded by that audience which APOLLO ever loves best—a circle of the Graces. There was no escape, no help for it; to yield with the best grace possible was the only way, and that Mr.

LOVER very gracefully did. Taking off his hat—for, like a true Lover, he is always one of the most gallant of men—he sang "Rory O'More" in capital style, giving to it far more raciness and humour than any one who has not had a similar treat would conceive to be possible. How the lassies enjoyed it! How they giggled and laughed, and gleefully appreciated the "situation" where Rory, "the rogue," gives "another to make it quite sure;" and when the gallant singer kissed the back of his hand to suit the action to the word, how saucily suggestive one or two of them looked, as if to hint that he might have chosen a more natural illustration without giving mortal offence! It was a capital scene. When the song was over there was a general round of applause, and as we left the room one of the proprietors of the establishment exclaimed, as he wrung Mr. LOVER's hand, "Thank you, sir. Not one of these girls will forget you to her dying day."

This, however, is a digression. From our notes we find that Mr. LOVER has also published:

*Handy Andy: a Tale of Irish Life.* London: 1842.

*Mr. LOVER's Irish Evenings.* London: 1844.

*Rory O'More: a National Romance.* London. [This was afterwards included in the series of "Standard Novels."]

*Treasure Trove: the First of a Series of Accounts of Irish Heirs.* London: 1844.

A new edition of this last was afterwards published under the title of

*He would be a Gentleman; or, Treasure Trove: a Romance.* London: 1856.

We have heard of a modern *littérateur* who one wrote a five-act tragedy, but, not finding managers willing to accept it, changed it successively into a three-act comedy, a one-act farce, a magazine article, and finally a paragraph, in which form it was eventually made public. Mr. LOVER, however, has done the reverse of this, for he has converted a popular song into a popular novel, and finally into a popular play. "Rory O'More" was long an "Adelphi favourite," and has been played far and wide through the country. To the same pen the public is also indebted for "The White Horse of the Peppers," a comic drama; "The Happy Man," an extravaganza; "The Greek Boy," a musical drama (all of which are published in "Webster's Acting National Drama"); "Il Paddy Whack in Italia," an operetta, published in Duncombe's edition of the "British Theatre." There have been, we believe, other little trifles for the stage of which we have no note. Mr. LOVER's last effort of authorship was a selection of national lyrics, edited by him:

*The Lyrics of Ireland.* Edited and annotated by S. LOVER. London, 1858.

In 1844, Mr. LOVER, taking the initiative in a movement which has since become very general, conceived the idea of reciting and singing his own works to the public. He was induced to do this, we believe, by the fact that his eyesight seemed likely to become impaired by too close a devotion to the pencil and the pen. The experiment was perfectly successful, and he has more than once repeated it, very much to the mutual satisfaction of himself and his audiences. In 1846 he visited America, where he was very warmly received, his songs and books having previously become very popular throughout the Union. His lectures on the poetry, songs, and national characteristics of Ireland proved so attractive, that it took two years to complete the round of visits to the principal cities and towns of America and Canada. He ranged from the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior, for with the toil of lecturing was mingled the pleasure of travel. Shortly after his return to England, in 1848, Mr. LOVER delivered a similar course of lectures; since which he has done nothing in public, preferring his happy life of ease and quiet in his snug little nook near Barnes. Now and then he throws off a song; but that is all. In 1856, during the ministry of Lord PALMERSTON, the QUEEN (at his Lordship's recommendation) conferred upon Mr. LOVER a pension of 100*l.* a year, as a recognition of his services to literature.

## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

### AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

*From Wall-street to Cashmere: Five Years in Asia, Africa, and Europe.* By JOHN B. IRELAND. With nearly one hundred Illustrations, from Sketches made on the Spot by the Author. New York: S. A. Rollo and Co. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co. pp. 531.

SUCH BOOKS OF TRAVEL as "From Mayfair to Marathon," and "From Piccadilly to Pera," are but mere pigmies when compared with this bulky tome. Pera and Marathon, too, are but halting-places with our American traveller at an early stage of his peregrinations, who was for more than five years a voluntary exile from his beloved Wall-street. The author, who, we may add *en passant*, is an American lawyer, apologises for the unpolished state of his lucubrations by informing us that he had no intention whatever of originally publishing his notes of travel, adding, "It is only now, when India and its affairs have assumed such a vast importance before the world, that I have been induced to yield to the repeated solicitations of friends to give the public my mite of experience and know-

ledge of the country, its people, customs, government, army, &c., derived during eighteen months of pleasure travel, in which I visited every part of India." This will, doubtless, account for the many short and incoherent sentences which are everywhere to be met throughout this volume, and possibly for the many Americanisms, such as "wander" for wanderings, "convenient" for neighbouring, "raised," "posting up," "were some" for were somebodies, "settle up," &c., which plentifully besprinkle these pages, and which, we suppose, are to be found explained for the especial behoof of us Englishmen in Mr. Bartlett's Dictionary of Americanisms. The criticisms of the writer are perhaps chiefly remarkable for a lively though shallow shrewdness. He is more inclined to blame than to praise. He has plenty of hard knocks for the weaknesses of us "Britishers," though we must do him the justice to say that he is by no means sparing of his countrymen when they deserve castigation. Indeed, he handles American diplomatists in a manner which would raise, and with good reason, the bile of the most gentle-tempered Yankee journalists, had such strictures proceeded originally from English writers. Mr. Ireland gives the names of the persons whom he holds up to opprobrium; and we suppose that,

if his animadversions be untrue, a law for punishing libels exists in America. If, however, they be true, we do not hesitate to say that the writer deserves well of his country in publicly stigmatising the gross ill-behaviour of many of the American representatives at foreign Courts. That such representatives can be improved (at least, if the failings imputed to them be real) is proved by the majority of the American ambassadors accredited to England and France (these Mr. Ireland specially exempts from his strictures), who yield in probity, decorum, and intellect to no race of diplomatists beneath the sun. We give the following extracts—not certainly with pleasure—from Mr. Ireland's book. "Non noster hic sermo," as we beg our American readers to recollect:

The great railway to Moscow is in charge of Americans; the Emperor has much confidence in them, and it's pleasant to know that some of them are creditable—the diplomats are rarely so, except to England and France. Ellsworth, Chargé to Sweden, defrauded the Government, and left without paying his private debts. At this court, John Randolph behaved so rudely to the court that his recall or absence was requested. Bagby, our late minister here, had three appointments to present his credentials, and every time too drunk to keep them; on the occasion of one appointment he was lying drunk on the floor in one corner of his room, his servant in another, and the female companions of their debauchery in some other part of the room in the same felicitous condition; and when he did get them made a long harangue to the Emperor. He was so constantly engaged in low debauchery that, I am told, a letter was written to General Taylor requesting his recall, or that otherwise the Emperor would be compelled to give him his passport. One of the secretaries, who was left as Chargé, went armed to the ball given on the marriage of the Crown Prince, and, getting drunk, swore he'd shoot any one who attempted to remove him. Hannigan, in Prussia, was drunk most of the time, left in debt to every one, and murdered his brother-in-law when he got home for greater *éclat*. The man who was sent over with the ratification of the Oregon Treaty stopped at Liverpool for a "sneeze." Our minister, after hearing of his arrival, waited three days and then sent to Liverpool; he was there found in a low groggy, beastly intoxicated, with the treaty in his pocket. In Italy, President Polk's brother disgraced the country and himself, if possible. In addition to his other peccadilloes, he was in the habit of driving in the "Chiaja" with the notorious "women of the town;" and the man sent to succeed him, I heard, was drunk all the time he was there, besides lots of others I could mention.

Again, speaking of Constantinople, the author says:

As our diplomatic representatives so often disgrace their country, except it may be in England and France, I'll pay a parting tribute to our most worthy and esteemed one here, who has so ably sustained, in all the walks of public and private life, the high reputation he bore at home. Mr. C—, a previous representative, in the same "kit" and category as Bagby, Hannegan, and Polk, vain of his ugly "corpus," exposed himself nude, at the ministerial windows, to some Greek ladies. Their brothers, in natural indignation at the insult, took the law into their own hands, and would have assassinated him had he not possessed more prudence (or cowardice, term it which you will)—that, and gratuitous insult to a woman, are the same) than modesty, and thus hid himself.

We English travellers are not always well satisfied with our representatives at foreign courts, some of whom almost appear to imagine that they are specially placed where they are to receive large salaries and snub their countrymen. Yet the worst of our diplomatists may be considered models of good breeding in comparison with those of America mentioned by Mr. Ireland; and this we think the most cantankerous Briton will allow, even though he has had his tooth-brush stolen in some foreign seaport, or has been detained there half-a-dozen hours by some exasperated official, and our ambassador has not signalled or sent for the British fleet to make good his loss or attempt his rescue.

Were we to try and follow our traveller through his five years' peregrinations in the comparatively scanty space necessarily allotted to us in these columns, we should get into inextricable confusion. He moves about with the celerity of a winged Mercury; he is in London to-day and five hundred miles off to-morrow, and he often reminds us of the verity of the Horatian maxim,

*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,*

by the gravity with which he records that he ate, drank, and slept at a certain place, thence journeyed on, and again found himself somehow compelled to sleep, drink, and eat.

Our traveller commences his diary on the 29th June, 1851, at the good town of Copenhagen, having previously "done" London and Paris, in the former of which cities he was presented to the Queen, and took a good stare at the three notabilities of the day, the "Great Duke," Cardinal Wiseman, and the hippopotamus. In Paris there was nothing to distract his gaze from that very rising gentleman the Prince President. Travelling leisurely onward, Mr. Ireland gives us some glimpses of Russia as it was under the Emperor Nicholas. The autocrat's regimen did not please our plain-speaking traveller nearly as much as it did his countrymen—at a distance. Under the milder rule of Alexander we trust the "iron scourge and torturing hour" are passing away. Leaving the country of ice, spies, and serfs, our traveller arrives in Athens on the 4th October. He cannot, however, summon up any enthusiasm for the reminiscences of the "eye of Greece," being much more occupied with the misdeeds of the bastard brood who infest it at present than with thoughts of the days of Æschylus and Marathon. Juvenal's term, "Gracia mendax," is apparently as applicable as ever, according to Mr. Ireland, who, after bestowing many reasonable anathemas upon the country, informs us of what we are afraid is pretty well known already, that "Greek honesty and integrity are commodities unknown." Our diarist adds that in Greece it is a great disgrace for "the young man to propose first" when wishing to get married. Might not some improvement be made amongst us in this respect for the special benefit of modest bachelors? Onward is leisurely to Egypt, where at Cairo he meets with an eccentric gentleman, who "told a friend of mine he was editor of two religious

papers, and travelling for dyspepsia, to cure which he lived on cheese and onions." This could scarcely, we suppose, be the editor of the *Record* on sick leave, as Mr. Ireland does not mention that the individual he met with wore green spectacles and took snuff. "To decrease the probability of our surmise we have some inkling that Mr. Ireland calls him a "queer countryman;" and though we consider it not impossible that the editor of the periodical above mentioned may be liable to dyspepsia and fond of cheese and onions, we believe we may accord the honour of having given birth to him to England.

The following are among the writer's reflections on arriving at Jerusalem:

We trotted around Hebron first; saw the clay from which the lump was taken to make Adam! and the place where Cain slew Abel! Then by the terebinth (a species of oak) tree of Abraham!—but really where it is supposed many of the Jews were brought, after the final destruction of Jerusalem by Hadrian, and sold as slaves.

The author in a previous page has alluded to "Moses's gallantry." Though we are not strait-laced, and feel quite sure our traveller did not mean to be irreverent when writing thus, we confess that such expressions in connection with such sacred topics jar considerably upon our feelings.

Spain and France are done in a few weeks after by our lively traveller, who apparently had "put money in his purse" before setting out on his peregrinations, and had no large stock of emotions to bestow upon any one object. In the same easy way he dots down in his journal that at Athens "we are established in the Hotel d'Angleterre, under the auspices of two hosts, one with the reputation of being the greatest liar in Greece, the other of having been a bandit." Or he moralises at Alexandria: "Our consul, Mr. M—, is dead—no loss. Always 'steamed' up with brandy, and sometimes took bribes."

Indeed, altogether, he seems a very accommodating gentleman—no puny sentimentalist, but a very sharp, pushing cosmopolitan. He parts, probably for ever (seeing, we suppose, that it is inevitable), with considerable composure, from a friend on this side of the grave; he sells a favourite horse—for a good price—as readily as he would change a dollar; and he lays a stick over a recalcitrant Oriental's head with more than Anglo-Saxon overbearingness. He is, indeed, not a solitary specimen of that much-bepraised, much-maligned race when transplanted from its original soil. He would be a good comrade in a dangerous *mêlée*; sturdy and stalwart would be his strokes in defence of a feebler friend; but he would give very few strokes more than he saw compatible with the preservation of his own *corpus*; and would not—should Providence will the sacrifice of his friend—pine away, like Niobe, in tears. He is, of course, patriotic; and can at Canton play billiards and dine with English officers, and, after dinner, with national warmth, moralise in his note-book that "some of the English here are very good fellows, but most of them are precious small, and there is not much love lost between them and the Americans. Col. M—, our minister, said (when he was here a few months ago), in graphic Western style, 'I'll be d—d if the Americans wouldn't rather fight the English than eat.'" The Western style is, no doubt, very graphic, but it reminds us in England too much of Dickens's blood-thirsty Jefferson Brick (who was also a colonel) to be very telling. There is, perhaps, some truth in the following:

It is singular how ignorant the English (proper) are, or pretend to be, of the United States. Why, we know more of every State in Europe, however insignificant, than they do of us, who are England's greatest rival in commerce, science, and her principal manufactures; and to whom she is so much indebted for the main support of her people, by our cotton and our consumption of her fabrics. At the same time the Indian English, with all their isolation, have more enlarged minds and general knowledge of the world than their more wealthy and vain countrymen at "home," who have to spend six months a year within the sound of "Bow bells," to prevent a contraction of some incomprehensible accent or patois—an exemption that Americans, in their vast territory of from four to six millions of square miles, are free from. An officer of the 59th said to me yesterday, in speaking of nobility, "Er— you have nobility in America, the same as we do, I suppose," as if he had forgotten what a republic meant. I don't feel surprised at English pride and vanity over the continentals, to whom they are and ever have been superior in almost every respect, and especially in the sinews of war, notwithstanding their small size and immense territory to be guarded; but I do censure their pretended ignorance and stupidity about all else but their own affairs, as if they alone engrossed the sole attention of the world, and an Englishman wherever he goes to be worshipped as a superior being. I should feel vain, too, if I were an Englishman, and saw what my country had accomplished, and how superior in all that great power, influence, and respect, she was to the rest of Europe. But when it comes to America they must change their tone. We have shown ourselves superior to them in our contests. In a hundred years we have twice shook off their arbitrary yoke, and in that time created a commercial marine that all but equals their own boasted one. We have taught them, in science, the application of steam to boats, the telegraph and use of lightning rods, the theory of storms, the probability of a telegraphic cable across the Atlantic; in practical life, how to build fast ships and yachts; and in the Chinese seas, the possibility of breasting the monsoons—a thing not done until within a few years, when the example was set by our bold and skilful China captains; and in our printing presses, &c.

We hardly care to criticise the preceding; but it must be taken, in our humble opinion, *cum grano*.

Leaving the Anglo-Saxon race, let us turn to India, and give "an amusing story," according to Mr. Ireland:

There is a cousin of Gordon Cumming, the celebrated sportsman of Southern Africa, a Mr. C—, who told me an amusing story of his experience in caste a few years ago, when he came to India. He and two or three other young civilians took a house together. Their butler transgressing some rules they had established, they told him if he did so again, they should flog him. He did so, and they flogged him. He complained to the civil magistrate, who sent for them to know what it meant. They explained, and he said he would have to



make a severe example of them; as they were civilians and knew better. They said they knew the law, and amount of the fine, and were willing to pay it. The judge was not satisfied with this, and was determined to make an example of them. So when the trial came on, the plaintiff told his story, and brought his witnesses to prove it. The first man (a fellow-servant, as were the other witnesses) stated he was not aware of the man's ever having been flogged, that he had been about the house all day, that their masters, the Sahibs, were always very kind and indulgent to them, never even scolding them, much less flogging, or even threatening to flog them; and that the butler had asked permission to go and see some of his friends or family the day before this was alleged to have occurred, and was absent several days by permission; so that he could not possibly have been flogged, and during the butler's absence their masters were almost constantly about the house, and the one who was alleged to have done the flogging was sick abed. This evidence was corroborated by all the others. The judge and the young civilians were perfectly amazed, as well as the plaintiff, at this series of falsehoods; and afterwards, asking the servants what it meant, they said the man flogged was a high-caste Hindoo, and if it had been known he had been flogged, it would have cost him all his wages for months to buy into his caste again, and so they lied him out of the difficulty.

Though it is not true that, with Mr. Ireland, "all save the spirit of man is divine," there is certainly in his opinion very little of the divinity in man. At Gwalior our traveller criticises Miss Bremer:

Back to M——'s. Several visitors dropped in, among them Captain M——, a very nice fellow. He has just been reading Miss Bremer's "Homes in the New World," and was very anxious to know how many of the notabilities are, and sent me the book to read. I rode out and made two or three visits by myself; on my return looked over Miss Bremer's book. The poor little woman was evidently labouring under dyspepsia when in most places in the United States. She was awfully bored by attentions in our country; for though our cities are populous and our people travel much, they are very far from being more than mere villagers in the knowledge of the world as regards officious and curious attention to strangers: often much more from a desire to gain notability for themselves than any desire to afford pleasure to the guest, and in spite of foreigners laughing at our absurd habit, almost of sycophancy, in running after any foreigner we fancy of note, our vanity and notoriety so far overcome all the feelings of sensibility, that we don't mind being laughed at, if our *amour propre* can be flattered.

We did not know that actual slavery existed in India—at least, under English rule. Mr. Ireland tells us otherwise:

Notwithstanding all the pretended sympathy of the English in England, and some few in India, for slaves, the English in India as a general rule have very much the same idea as to the natives that we have as to negroes; and, like all people who feel they won't be likely to be held accountable for their acts, they strike and kick the natives whenever it suits them. The kicking sometimes gets them into difficulty, as the native is so subject to spleen, which kicking brings on, and kills. I have been breakfasting with an officer and his wife when I've seen the officer spring up from table and strike the "child-man" (as the man-nurse is called) half a dozen hard blows with his fist, and kick him before us both, because the man in playing with the child happened to make him cry. An officer told me that at the fairs at Hurdwar slaves were bought and sold every year, only it is done quietly. I know that there are great numbers within a hundred miles of Calcutta who belong to the soil, and are bought and sold with it. On the Malabar Coast, in Southern India, there are great numbers of slaves. While staying at the house of a judge in Southern India some ladies and gentlemen were deprecating slavery in the United States in the usual sympathetic style, and lauding England's disinterestedness and nobleness in freeing the slaves in Jamaica, &c., when the judge interrupted them with saying, it was all stuff about England's disinterestedness; that she did so when it suited her purposes; but that there were plenty of places in India where slavery existed, and that, too, with the full knowledge of Government, and he, as a judge, had often made out orders for the sale of slaves.

Mr. Ireland, who is not much inclined to over-praise any one, speaks in generally favourable terms of the Anglo-Indian officers, who appear to have shown him much hospitality and kindness during his sojourn in India. While travelling he met with not a few officers who afterwards became famous, such as Havelock, Neill, &c. He also, like a good many other persons, prophesied that a mutiny would probably take place in the Bengal native army, from the absurd way in which it was over-petted and allowed to do almost what it chose. Mr. Ireland gives us some curious sketches of the Dutch in Java. We subjoin one descriptive of their costume:

It would rather astonish an American woman's propriety, as much as it does that of the English who come here, to see a lady promenading a hotel piazza or the deck of the vessel, as they do, with nothing on but a sarong over only one other article of a lady's toilet, as is the custom of both ladies and gentlemen here, and only kept in place by rolling over and tucking in at the waist what sailors term the "slack" of the skirt, and depending entirely on the hips and this tucking in to keep it in place. Over this, men and women wear a loose grass cloth sack, that descends about six inches below the waist, neither sex wearing shoes or stockings, but shuffling along in slippers without heel pieces. The only difference is, the women loosen and let their hair fall down their back, and the men leave theirs untouched after the night's repose, which of course gives it quite an air of *negligé*.

Mr. Ireland, for the especial benefit of travellers, subjoins some brief statements of the ordinary expense of travelling in the various countries through which he made his way. In England a gentleman, he says, can travel comfortably, and put up at the best hotels, for nine or ten dollars per diem. On the Continent the same can be done for six dollars per day. In Syria, or on the Nile, if the traveller be alone, the expense will be about eight dollars each day; if with one friend, about six dollars fifty cents; if with two or three, from four to five dollars per day. In India Mr. Ireland found his travelling expenses to amount to about eleven dollars per day; in Java and the "Straits" about the same. He gives some good hints to Oriental travellers about managing the exchange. We may add there are almost innumerable incorrectnesses in names as well as in language scattered throughout this ponderous volume, owing, doubtless, to the fact that Mr. Ireland's "professional engagements" would not have allowed him to spend any time (even if so disposed) in *belles lettres* embellishments or research to make up a book.

In conclusion, we will not exactly say of this ponderous tome, *plus sages plus sages*; but it undoubtedly might have been reduced to half its present size without the slightest injury to the author's fame, and with great advantage to the purses and patience of those persons who buy it.

#### MR. GOSSE IN ALABAMA.

Letters from Alabama (U.S.), chiefly relating to Natural History. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F.R.S. London: Morgan and Chase. 1859.

THOUGH MR. GOSSE does not actually tell us so, not a few circumstances lead us to conclude that these pages were written some years ago. Let not, however, our readers suppose that we say this, as hinting that the proper time for publishing, or rather re-publishing this volume, is past. To naturalists, and indeed to all lovers of the country, scenes drawn truthfully from nature must ever be fresh. Mobile itself may have altered; new streets may firmly stand on what but a twelvemonth ago was a swamp; and bulky aldermanic edifices may have taken the places of meagre skeleton log-huts: these changes have not (at least in Alabama) extended to the woods. And if the territory of the Southern Pan and his nymphs has been encroached upon, these sylvan deities have been little perturbed by it. A few paces away from the dwelling of the settler, and Nature reasserts her wild dominion. The sycamore and chestnut are green as ever, careless of their brethren slain by the ruthless hands of the colonist; the tiny humming-bird still haunts the scarlet trumpet-flower; the woodpecker still strips the wild cherry-tree of its blushing honours; and hawk-moths, crane-flies, and hair-streaks, with a thousand other *delicia* of the naturalist, are to be found in all their pristine abundance.

Not a few people in this country perhaps principally remember Alabama in connection with the negro melody of "Lucy Neale;" they know it is "down South," somewhere among the slave-holding states. Many, too, of the travellers who have visited this portion of America have only formed such a cursory acquaintance with it as may be made from the interior of a stage coach or the deck of a steamer. Their information, often perhaps somewhat mythical, is confined to legends about bloodhounds, slaves and planters, the yellow fever, and cotton picking. Mr. Gosse informs us that he went to Alabama for the purpose of keeping a school; nor was it long before, by the patronage of half-a-dozen planters, he obtained about a dozen pupils. The school-house itself was of a more primitive cast even than that presided over by Goldsmith's schoolmaster. A small hut was constructed of round unhewn logs, with the interstices filled up with clay. Windows there were none, though the cracks and crevices between the logs gave more air and light than the windows and patent ventilators in the new Palace of Westminster. Night as well as day, like Virgil's *janua Ditis*, the wooden-hinged door of the rustic seminary remains open; there is nothing there to tempt the appropriating hand of any travelling Autolycus; and, if there were, the sturdy scholars, who can handle a rifle with scarcely less skill than their sires, would be formidable enemies to cope with. It need scarcely be said that these young Nimrods were much better naturalists than grammarians; though they could not decline *Musa* or conjugate *amo*, they could enlarge on the habits and customs of each forest denizen, and "twist a rabbit" or "tree a possum" much more easily than work a sum in addition. Mr. Gosse seems to have lived on excellent terms with his pupils; he was doubtless not a hard taskmaster with these doughty young Southerners; and they seem to have duly appreciated the forbearance of their preceptor, by bringing him specimens of every animal, furred or feathered, that could be added to his collection, and contributing all such entomological specimens as came in their way. We may add that another accomplished naturalist, the Rev. J. Wood, was also, and perhaps is still, a schoolmaster, and seems to have inoculated his scholars (in this case English boys) with his own passion for examining Nature and her works. We cannot complain that Mr. Gosse has devoted the chief part of this little volume to describing the insects of America. The entomology of the New World is much less familiar to us than its zoology and ornithology, which most of us have to some extent studied in the delightful pages of Audubon or Wilson. The following is a curious instance of the strength of an American beetle (*Oryctes Maimon*):

This insect has just astonished me by a proof of its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common dorr in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss where to put it until I could kill it; but a quart bottle full of milk being on the table, I clapped the beetle, for the present, under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began slowly to move, and glide along the smooth table, propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half; while that of the beetle was about half an ounce, so that it readily moved a weight 112 times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey will be obtained of this feat, by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's, which weighs 12,000 lbs., and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.

Mr. Gosse complains that the intense heat of the southern summer prevented him from adding as much as he wished to his entomological curiosities. The early morning was the only time for action. The most ardent observer would quail before the mid-day sun, and, except

night-fliers, few insects or birds are abroad in the evening. It was not often that he summoned up sufficient courage to mount his pony and, with a net in one hand and an umbrella in the other, brave the dangers of the summer noon; though when he did so he was apparently not ill rewarded for his trouble and risk.

The following tale is, in our opinion, not unworthy of the veracious narrative of Baron Munchausen:

It is very seldom that a bear is met with in the woods, for his activity is chiefly nocturnal; but a highly curious rencontre is said to have taken place one day in a part of the forest not very remote from this place, which I will give you, as illustrative of the manners, both human and ursine, of these parts. A planter had ridden out into the wood to look after some strayed cattle, carrying with him the redoubtable cow-whip, consisting of a handle three feet long, and of a lash of twisted raw hide thirty feet long, which was coiled on his right arm. Suddenly a huge bear starts up before him, from behind the gnarled roots of an old tree. The man could not resist the impulse to give the animal a lash with his whip, but, to his surprise, the bear showed a disposition to fight. It was rather an awkward predicament; but the horse was intelligent and agile, and, as the rider made him face the bear, he was able, by leaping nimbly to and fro, to evade the ferocious brute, stung to madness by the repeated blows of the terrific cow-whip. At length the bear acknowledged his master, and turned tail for flight; when a thought struck the planter that he might possibly drive him home, as he would a refractory bullock. He accordingly kept close behind the animal, driving him along one of the numerous cattle-paths that thrird the forests, admonishing him, by a severe cut with the whip whenever he attempted to leave the track, until at length the poor creature patiently went as he was driven. A distance of six miles was thus traversed by pursuer and pursued, till the planter came within hail of his own house, when his son came out with a rifle and shot the poor persecuted bear.

Mr. Gosse adds that, though he has only hearsay evidence for the truth of this story, he sees no reason for disbelieving it. It certainly brings back to our minds the mythical description of Bacchus yoking tigers to his chariot.

Here is an admirable description of the Cardinal Grosbeak:

Now we are going through a belt of stunted pine woods, mixed, however, with some hard-wood trees of slender growth: here the beautiful Cardinal Grosbeak (*Fringilla cardinalis*) delights to haunt. We hear its singular whistle on each side of us—"whit, whit, whit, whit," and there we catch sight of its brilliant plumage. Is he not a charming fellow? Look at his bright scarlet body, wings, and tail, his coal-black face and red beak, and his fine conical crest, now erect, and now lying flat; with what vivacity he hops from bough to bough, his glowing colour flashing out like a coal of fire among the sombre pine shades, then again hidden from sight; he cannot be still an instant. His vocal efforts are not confined to this monotonous whistle: that clear and loud song which we hear proceeding from the depth of the woods, and which, though not equal to that of the thrush, is yet highly melodious, is uttered by the Cardinal. Being easily raised, they are often caged, and are great favourites. Close to the school-house I know of the nest of a Cardinal, which I will show you by-and-by. It is in a young tree, about six feet from the ground, not very artfully concealed: there are two eggs in it, which are nearly as large as those of the quail. They are whitish, covered with brown spots.

Mr. Gosse incidentally alludes to the discomforts which the English sojourner in Alabama must be prepared to meet with. The free use of the bowie-knife, the flogging, torturing, and chasing slaves with bloodhounds, seem to have been too much for the equanimity of our kind-hearted schoolmaster, even amid the abundance of coleopterous insects and tropical vegetation, which could not fail to have many attractions for the naturalist. Each autumn, too, was rife with fevers and agues, probably induced by the equinoctial rains acting on the decaying vegetation. And so Mr. Gosse bade adieu to his pupils and prepared to embark for England.

This little volume is written in the same lively and elegant style which distinguishes most of Mr. Gosse's other works. A true naturalist, indeed, can scarcely write a bad book; never, we may almost add, an unpleasant one, so long as he "sticks to his last." To be a naturalist a man must possess certain qualifications which will almost enable him (if he have conquered the difficulties of style) to compose an interesting book. He must have at least patience, great powers of observation, and love of Nature. Mr. Gosse certainly possesses all these, and therefore, we repeat, when he treats of Nature and her works he cannot fail to interest and instruct his readers.

#### A VOYAGE IN ASIA.

*Personal Narrative of a Voyage to Japan, Kamtschatka, Siberia, Tartary, and various parts of Coast of China, in H.M.S. Barracouta. By J. M. Tronson, R.N. With Charts and Views. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. pp. 414.*

THE VOLUME BEFORE US has this disadvantage, that it appears after Captain Sherard Osborn's admirable account of his Japanese adventures. Occupying about three times the bulk, this is neither so graphic, nor does it excite so much personal interest as its entertaining predecessor, and in reading it over we experience all the sensation of listening to a twice-told tale, told the second time rather worse than the first. In spite of this, however, it should be noted that this book covers a much larger space than Captain Osborn's; places and countries are visited which find no place in the latter work, and there are many points unrecorded by Captain Osborn which have not escaped the notice of Mr. Tronson; in addition to this, the size of the volume gives opportunity for detail which would certainly have been lost in a smaller book.

Sir James Stirling's squadron, of which Her Majesty's paddle-wheel steamer the *Barracouta* (6 guns) was one, sailed from the mouth of the Yang-tez-o-Kiang on the 7th of September, 1854. On reaching Desima, Admiral Stirling did not assume that independent position which assured the success of Lord Elgin's expedition; he

was content to deal with the Japanese through the Dutch, and had to pay for the privilege. In spite of this, however, the expedition appears to have been treated in the most friendly manner by the Japanese, and after a stay of about six weeks the squadron cruised back to China. In November of the same year the *Barracouta* left Hong Kong to join the expedition sent against the stronghold of Kuhlun, in the island of Tylo, one of the head-quarters of the Chinese pirates, which was very speedily reduced.

From November 1854 to the following February the *Barracouta* was engaged in protecting British interests on the Canton river, and we have some circumstantial accounts of the encounters between the rebels and the Imperialists about that time. In the spring the *Barracouta* was ordered upon a cruise in the North Pacific, and eventually joined the Pacific squadron and proceeded to Petropolovski. The condition of this outpost of the Russian dominions is thus described:

Eight strong earthworks defended the approaches to the town; one elevated on the point of the projecting promontory commanded a considerable range; this, named the Shakoff fortification, was in an unfinished state; a winding gallery led from it to a magazine sunk in the side of the hill. A depression or gorge in the centre of the promontory contained a strong earthwork named the Gorge Battery, with embrasures for six guns; in the rear of this battery, in a little dell sloping towards the harbour, there is a metal pillar erected to the memory of La Perouse, the French navigator. Passing the Gorge, and following the same line of bearing, the rising ground becomes precipitous, the sides and summits being covered with thick brushwood, and gradually declines to a valley, by the side of which there is a road leading from the water's edge to the town. This approach was defended by two batteries on a rising ground overlooking the main street, and a house with an unfinished loop-holed wall in front of it, was surrounded by a deep moat in an unfinished state; this fortification rejoiced in the name of the Citadel. Some other earthworks were erected at intervals, in commanding positions along the eastern side of the entrance to the harbour. I examined one of them minutely which was named the Snake in the Grass, and situated at the base of the spit of sand; eleven ship guns could be fought with ease from it; the parapet, constructed of clay, fascines, and brushwood, thickly covered with sods, was 23 feet thick, 9 feet in height from the platform, gradually sloping to 6 feet; the embrasures gradually widened from within outwards, and a platform for each gun was formed of strong planks fastened to a transverse top by iron bolts, in order to prevent much recoil, and having an inclination towards the parapet; the breech bolts, 10 feet long, of jagged iron, passed through beams in the thickness of the parapet. A gallery led to a narrow tunnel cut in the side of the hill, on one side of which was a square chamber, lined with charred timber, capable of storing a large amount of ammunition for a short time; but the gallery and tunnel were ankle deep in water, and the chamber, though elevated a foot above the floor of the tunnel, was very damp. The hardy Russ had made great preparations to give us a warm reception; though the Czar Nicholas determined otherwise.

Hence the *Barracouta* proceeded to the mouth of the Amoor, which was surveyed and sounded. On the 7th of July it was at the port of Ayan, in Siberia, of which possession was taken in the name of the allies, then at war with Russia. On the 17th of the next month they were once more at Japan and anchored in the Bay of Hakodadi. As Lord Elgin's visit to Japan had not then taken place, and as the *Barracouta* and her companions had not the authority of a plenipotentiary for acting with the good-humoured audacity with which the entrance into the port of Yedo was effected, they were naturally more restricted in their movements than Captain Sherard Osborn and his crew. The crew of the *Barracouta* were at first compelled to keep strictly to a small island, where they, nevertheless, contrived to spend a very pleasant time:

On visiting our small island, we found that the Japanese had built for us two very pretty pleasure houses; one on an eminence facing the harbour, the other on the summit of the island, surrounded by trees. They were constructed of wood, above a ledge of granite, two feet from the surface; and externally faced on three sides with the bark of pine, neatly bound in horizontal lines with split bamboo. A platform projected about three feet from the front of each house, forming a small balcony; some wooden pillars supported a broad eave formed of neat tiles which gradually slope from the roof: the latter was thatched with straw, mixed with young fir branches. The balcony was closed in front by a series of doors, which slide at pleasure into a small shed formed to receive them; it was separated from the inner apartments by partitions, the lower parts of fine grained pine, the upper latticed and papered, with fine thin paper which answers instead of glass, and is commonly used in this country. Two apartments separated by folding doors were unfurnished, save by matting four inches thick which covered the floors. The ceilings were of fine fragrant cedar, and the sides of the rooms plastered, whitened with *chinnam* (lime made from sea-shells), and polished as smooth as marble; wooden pillars, projecting a little distance from the wall, supported the ceiling; they were stained black, and contrast agreeably with the white surface. We were much pleased with these cool retreats, so admirably adapted for reading, enjoying the fragrant weed, or an afternoon nap, for those who indulge in the latter luxury. The temperature is at the maximum about two o'clock in the afternoon, and sometimes there is a perfect stillness of the atmosphere. During the great heat, animals sleep; it is said that even plants sleep at this time; and man, if at rest, feels the depressing influence of the atmosphere: his eyelids droop, and, if reading, the book falls from his hand, languor steals over his frame, and soon he rests in the arms of Morpheus. On awaking refreshed, after repose on those soft mats, one is inclined to thank his Imperial Majesty for his very considerate kindness in supplying the same.

In October the expedition once more returned to China. In January 1856 the *Barracouta* was once more cruising after pirates, but in April returned to Japan, arriving in Hakodadi Bay on the 27th of that month. This time Mr. Tronson sees more of the Japanese, and consequently tells us more about them. He, like Captain Osborn, appears to have been very much struck with the primitive customs of the Japanese in the matter of bathing; but he is not quite so enthusiastic on the subject of the beauty of the females.

We first directed our steps towards the Bath House, having heard much of this strange establishment. It is situate in a narrow street running from the main street, and at right angles to it, a short distance from the Custom House.



We entered a low porch, first putting aside a hanging screening of matting, and passed into a spacious room divided into three compartments. On the right was a dark division, with benches around for resting or smoking upon. A youth sat upon a small table with a cash-box before him for the receipt of bath money, the price for each bath being five copper cash. On the left the apartment retired far back; the floor gradually inclining downwards for about six feet, and again ascending towards a screen; behind which some good people were enjoying the luxury of a warm bath. A channel passes through the room to carry off the water. Near the screened apartment, but exposed to public view, was a broad and shallow bath of cold water in the angle of the double inclined floor. Here men, women, and children squatted down, on issuing from the hot bath, and splashed the cold water over their bodies; they use it unsparingly. They were perfectly naked, and appeared ruddy and refreshed. Nothing abashed by the presence of strangers, the work is carried on vigorously; and the exhibition is not looked upon by the Japanese as being at all indelicate: it may be from an Adam-and-Eve-like simplicity on their part. We, with our artificial habits and customs, are astonished at the primeval simplicity of the Japanese, and would imagine that such exposures would have a demoralising influence on the young of both sexes. The bath is a capital studio for artists and anatomists, admirers of faultless forms or muscular development, and affords a good opportunity of inspecting the stature, natural proportions, and beauty of both sexes. On leaving the baths they scrub themselves dry with coarse towels, then dress, and leave the establishment, or retire to a small room, where they can be provided with a refreshing cup of tea. I may here make some remarks on the physical appearance of the Japanese as observed in the bath-house and throughout the town. In stature the women are smaller than the generality of European females, but taller than the Chinese. Unlike the latter, their feet and hips are unrestrained and allowed to assume their just proportions. Their hair is jet black, long, and artistically dressed, being brushed backward from the temples and forehead, and gathered in a raised knot. The skin of the better classes is fair; especially that of the face, which is very clear, and in most of the young women tinged with a healthful blush. Up to this time I had not seen many pretty girls; the nose of the natives of Yezo not being so aquiline or well defined as that of the fair ladies of Nagasaki. Their teeth are even, perfect, and snow white, excepting those of the married women, who immediately after their marriage stain the teeth black with a preparation of iron: this process completely alters and disfigures their agreeable features.

The tea-houses also appear to have been not without their seductions to Mr. Tronson.

Here I entered, and with the usual polite salutation of "O-bi-O" was invited by the mistress of the house to be seated, and take tea. I made myself quite at home, and exercised my small stock of Japanese words, which became rapidly increased under the tuition of a fair instructress, who, sitting beside me, took care that I pronounced each word. I, in my turn, taught her some English, which she pronounced correctly and with emphasis. I could not persuade my friends to accept of any present; they were too much afraid of the government spies: one of the women took me by the arm, and leading me to a window, showed me two individuals who had followed my footsteps, and were now within a few paces of the garden. The cooks were busily employed preparing dinner for some expected customers. The same cleanliness which characterises all their operations might be observed in the process of cooking: a stream of water passed through a large trough in the kitchen, and in this fish and vegetables were carefully washed; whilst, on a white deal table, sweetmeats of many descriptions were being prepared. I remained here for an hour, by which time the visitors were growing rather numerous; and, though polite, were rather curious in examining every portion of my uniform. I returned to the town by another route, and met with some messmates, who were just going on board.

Here is another pleasant sketch of Japanese life:

We paid a visit to the jolly hostess and the fair dames of the inn—one of whom, by-the-by, said she had looked for my return, and had reared a kitten for me: for which I thanked the fair creature, telling her I should take another opportunity for calling for her present. We pursued our peregrinations through the garden, and suddenly came upon a social party of Japanese ladies and gentlemen at tea in a pretty summer-house. We bowed to them on passing, and, as we did not wish to intrude upon their privacy, were about to withdraw, when a young gentleman arose, came towards us, and begged us to enter and partake of some tea. We gladly acceded to his request, and were soon at ease with our new acquaintances. Small square tables of lacquered ware, about a foot and a half in height, and six inches square, were placed on the right side of the Japanese; these supported cups of tea, sweetmeats, cakes, and small lacquered bowls of rice and fruit. Four married ladies sat together on one side, and near them an old gentleman; opposite sat a young Japanese officer and two young ladies, one about seventeen years of age, the other about twenty: the latter were very pretty. We little dreamed of seeing such beauties in this retired spot; their skins clear and white as that of a Circassian, with a healthy blush on their cheeks, which required not the assistance of the rouge-box; finely arched brows over bright black eyes, which grew brighter when the owners became animated, and were shadowed by long curling eyelashes; noses small but straight, one bordering on aquiline; small, well-cut lips, surrounded by even rows of teeth of pearly lustre. Their jet black hair was brushed from the sides and back of the head, and fastened in a knot on the top of the head, by a fillet of pale pink silk. The elder was the handsomer of the two, and the chief object of attraction to the young officer, as he frequently gave us an opportunity of observing, by placing an arm around her waist, and looking lovingly into her eyes. There was gracefulness in all her attitudes, especially when she took up a guitar at the request of her lover, and played a few airs for us; but the music was rather monotonous and without harmony: at least, our dull ears could not detect any. She accompanied herself in a song in a falsetto tone: a species of whine, not altogether so discordant as that of the Chinese, yet merely bearable from its strangeness. The sister now joined in a duet, one endeavouring to outshriek the other. Our elder hosts were in raptures with the performance, and they wondered at our stolidity; but our ears had been accustomed to the music of Grial and Mario, and could not endure even the finest of Japanese singers.

In September 1856 the expedition visited Nagasaki, and, upon an attempt on the part of the Japanese to prevent it from entering the harbour, Admiral Seymour quietly but firmly effected an entrance by force.

On the evening of the 3rd we entered the Bay of Nagasaki, with H.M.S. Winchester in tow. We found the objectionable line of junks still obstructing the passage from the middle to the inner harbour; so leaving the Winchester as close as possible to the junks, we returned to take H.M.S. Pique in tow. During our absence His Excellency Sir Michael Seymour despatched a messenger to the governor of Nagasaki, requesting that the obstruction should be at once removed, in order that her Majesty's ships might anchor in the inner

harbour, according to the treaty; he also intimated that if his request was not granted within one hour, he would be compelled to force an entrance. The governor and all the officials treated the admiral's demand, in their usual style of equivocation, making many excuses, and saying that Sir James Stirling never made so unreasonable a demand; little dreaming that the admiral would surely keep his word with them. On our return with the Pique, the admiral signalled to proceed to the inner harbour, leave the Pique at anchor, and return for the Winchester. We were anxious to see if those frowning batteries, which towered one above the other on each side of us, would pour forth a murderous salute. Spy-glasses were pointed in all directions, but we could not see the slightest move on the part of the Japanese towards the guns. Steaming at a fair rate, onward we went: the connecting chain between two of the junks snapped asunder as we touched it; then the lower yard caught the masts of the junks on each side. The junk on the port side tottered, struggled, heeled over, and went down, soldiers, armament, and all. We dragged the other, attached by its mast to the yard, abreast of the Dutch factory, then cast off the Pique, and returned for the flagship. Meanwhile the Japanese in the immersed junk gathered themselves up from their watery resting-place, and reached the shore, nothing the worse for a slight wetting. The Winchester anchored near a Dutch frigate, which was placed before the islet of Dezima; and officials in numbers visited the ships, but did not allude to our forcible entrance. The governor intimated to the admiral his deep regret that we found it necessary to remove the junks, and promised that in future a passage would be opened on the approach of any of her Majesty's ships of war.

The concluding pages of the volume contain some interesting particulars respecting the government of Japan and the manners and customs of the people.

#### NOVELS.

*A Life for a Life.* By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Hurst and Blackett. 3 vols. pp. 929.

*Gilbert Midhurst, M.P.* By CHARLES F. HOWARD. London: J. F. Hope. 2 vols. pp. 644.

*Raised to the Peerage: a Novel.* By MRS. OCTAVIUS FREIRE OWEN. London: Hurst and Blackett. 3 vols. pp. 997.

WE RESUME, WITHOUT PREFACE, our review of the arrears of the season's novels now lying before us.

To "*A Life for a Life*" our capital objection is that it is in three volumes, each containing more than three hundred pages. The story is so exceedingly slight and the dramatic incident so very weak, that there is scarcely enough to seize and hold the attention of the reader though one short volume; yet here we are compelled to wade, painfully and laboriously, over chapter after chapter of matter almost too good to be skipped, and yet not good enough to repay us for undergoing so wearisome a process. It is indeed one of those hopelessly dull and mediocre books which present no salient points either for praise or reprehension; one of those very "correct" and "improving" productions which we read under a sense of duty, and drag through with no hope beyond getting to the end of our task—something like a constitutional walk of ten miles along a flat objectless road, on a dull and cheerless day. It is the tale of a good but very uninteresting young lady who hates soldiers and moustachios, but who falls in love nevertheless with a regimental doctor with a patriarchal beard. This hero, Dr. Max Urquhart, is the great character in the book, and what little interest there may be in it is centred in him. He is a philanthropist, and has many new views on sanitary matters—or, rather, he gives the authoress an opportunity of ventilating some of her theories in that direction; but, like most of these spotless heroes of novels, he has a secret sorrow at heart. This, after much circumlocution, comes out: twenty years before, in a drunken spree, he had been the cause of death to a young man, which young man turns out to have been the brother of his beloved, Miss Theodora Johnston, and consequently the son of the Reverend Mr. Johnston, his beloved's papa. Out of this arises not only much good advice as to the misuse of ardent spirits, but Dr. Urquhart is cast forth by the reverend parent, and eventually expiates his early crime by three months' residence in prison. In spite of all this, however, his Dora will not forsake him; and glad are we, both for their own sake and ours, when the third volume unites them in holy matrimony, and packs them off as hopeful emigrants to Canada. This is really all the story in these three weary volumes, the rest being made up of "reflections," "sentiments," and still more dreary conversation. There is indeed a sort of by-plot made out of the sisters of Miss Dora and their lovers; but they totally fail to arrest the attention for a moment, and rather encumber than help the main thread of the drama, such as it is. As for the reverend and venerable parent, he is almost as pale and uninteresting a personage as can well be conceived. Poor and meagre as the materials for the novel are, the manner of putting them together renders them still poorer and more meagre: it is the old, and we had hoped abandoned, form of two journals. "*His Story*" and "*Her Story*," are the titles of the chapters all through the book, and we are treated alternately to a page from the "*Mes Larmes*" of the sententious Miss Dora, and then one from the business-like note-book of Dr. Max Urquhart. Of course the former has plenty of sentiment, the latter an abundance of wise saws. What then? This form of writing only tends to make what was dull before yet more intolerably wearisome. Lest we should be thought too severe in this judgment, let the reader decide whether this is the sort of thing, prolonged through nearly a thousand pages, that would by most persons be considered pleasant to have to go through? This is part of "*Her Story*."

When we came home—Doctor Urquhart and myself—I left him at the door, and went up into my own room.

In the parlour I found Colin Granton come to tea—he had missed me at

church, he said, and was afraid I had made myself ill; so walked over to Rockmount to see. It was very kind—though, while acknowledging it, he seemed half ashamed of the kindness.

He and Augustus, now on the best of terms, kept us alive all the evening with their talking and laughing. They planned all sorts of excursions—hunting, shooting, and what not—to take place during the grand Christmas gathering which is to be at Treherne Court. Doctor Urquhart—one of the invited guests, listened to all with a look of amused content.

Yes—he is content. More than once, as I caught his eye following me about the room, we exchanged a smile—friendly, even affectionate.—Ay, he does like me. If I were a little younger—if I were a little girl in curls, I should say he is “fond” of me.—“Fond of”—what an idle phrase—such as one would use towards a dog or cat or bird. What a difference between that and the holy words, “I love”—not as silly young folks say, I am “in love”—but “I love;” with all my reason, will, and strength; with all the tenderness of my heart, all the reverence of my soul.

Be quiet, heart—be silent, soul! I have, as I said before—naught to do with these things.

The evening passed away pleasantly and calmly enough, all parties seeming to enjoy themselves.

“Parties!” Ugh!

“Gilbert Midhurst, M.P.,” is, if possible, worse than this last; for it is that greatest of all abominations, a political novel—a novel without the shred of a story, and made up of nothing but a series of prosy talks between a Montagu and a Truffles, a Thimbles and the hero himself, Mr. Gilbert Midhurst, M.P., a young legislator, on the look-out for sound principles. Did it never strike Mr. Charles Howard that that which is dull *per se* can never be made less so by being put into the mouths of persons of insufferable dullness? The author professes to be somewhat of a cosmopolitan; but that he is a thorough Tory at heart it is easy to see. He agrees with the young Conservatives of the white-waistcoat school, and regards gin-and-water as the proper drink of the Radicals,—whose representative, Mr. Truffles, is made to talk an infinity of “bosh” whilst under the influence of pretty strong doses of that inspiring drink. In spite, however, of his Conservative propensities, Mr. Howard can enjoy a good laugh at the “fine old institutions of the country,” as the following somewhat overcharged picture of Duke Humphrey’s visit to Cleveland will testify. It requires no great stretch of ingenuity to identify Duke Humphrey with a late respected royal Duke, whose talent for presiding over public dinners and saying unmeaning nothings has become historical:

For many days before this great event, every variety of vulgar preparation was made, and on the morning of that day scouts were dispatched along the line of march in order to give timely notice of the great man’s approach. No sooner had the procession arrived in sight than the mayor and councillors and other great civic authorities of Cleveland, trembling with expectation, ended themselves in their robes of office, and waited in trepidation at the Town Hall. Presently the carriage containing the august presence drew up majestically at the door, and then the Mayor, hastily pulling off his shoes and stockings before the whole assembly, an example imitated by all his adherents, read an address to the following effect: “May it please your Royal Highness, we, the independent burgesses of Cleveland, your most abject and most abandoned slaves, do implore your Royal Highness, in your august clemency, to receive the keys and liberties of this town, and to deal with us according to your Royal Highness’s good will and pleasure.” After this manly and dignified speech, the Mayor and all the people prostrated themselves at full length, and refused to rise, beseeching his Royal Highness to give them one kick for the mere honour of the thing. Then the De Vicks, the Gurgoyles, the Tophams, the Du Barrys, the Figleaves, the Greenacres, the Heebaws, the Calcrafts, and the Dickays, all with one accord prostrated themselves with the utmost humility and confusion of face, and forgetting all their radicalisms, flippancies, and independent speeches, laid themselves in the dust, groaning grievously, and commenced to lick old Duke Humphrey’s boots. In the evening came the dinner. Gilbert, who had never been to a toad feast, was anxious to go, and resolved to do so, but not without a previous debate with himself as to whether his conscience would allow him to join in so profane a meeting; having, however, satisfactorily argued this piece of casuistry both *pro* and *con*, he determined to go. Of the dinner we shall say nothing, save that that delicious reptile the toad was eaten in every variety of form and condition—hashed, fricasseed, devilled, baked, boiled, roasted; an inextinguishable dish, taken in all forms, adapting itself to all tastes, never was grateful food so heartily enjoyed. To say that the generality of the company over-ate themselves would be perhaps somewhat unpolite; but to say that poor old Duke Humphrey was so crammed and gorged that he dare not look a toad in the face for six months afterwards is merely asserting a fact. His physician said he barely saved his life on that occasion, and held up to him the royal example of Henry and his lampreys. But the comparison was not thought so apt as it might have been, because Henry, according to veritable history, ate of his own free will, and was in consequence so ashamed of himself that, says our friend Mr. Pinnock, with his usual pathos, “he was never seen to smile more;” whereas poor old Duke Humphrey ate against his will, and out of sheer good humour, in order to appease the loyal inhabitants of the independent borough of Cleveland.

No need to complain of want of interest in Mrs. Owen’s novel, “Raised to the Peerage;” on the contrary, there is as much dramatic point and as many “situations” as are to be found in the most highly-spiced Adelphi melodrama—some of which, by the way, the tale marvellously resembles. Here we have the spoilt child of fortune, who contracts a secret marriage abroad; the scheming mother at home, who has set her heart upon her darling’s advancement by making a great match; the discovery of the *mésalliance*; plots with various villains to deceive both husband and foreign wife, and eventually a fashionable bigamy; by-and-by the accomplices grow exigent, and the ambitious mother finds herself in such a terrible mess that the moral may be fairly drawn, teaching the danger to ladies of fortune and position in consorting with rogues and criminals to meddle with the marriages of their sons—a crime which perhaps is not of common occurrence, and is not, therefore, very dangerous to the well-being of society. Then we have scenes in plenty; scenes with the deserted wife; scenes with the villain Rusé Malvoisin, who designs control over her, and plays her for the furtherance of his

own wicked plots; a scene in which the young hero saves the life of the fair Lady Fanny Denham, whom he is afterwards unwittingly to entrap into marriage, his true wife being yet alive; scenes of love and hatred, of plot and counterplot, of mystery, murder, coining, gambling—of, indeed, almost every phase of our boasted civilisation. If we were asked whether the style might not be improved and the pruning-knife judiciously used to take off a few of the more exuberant sprouts of fancy, we might be inclined to reply that that is so; but, nevertheless, we must pronounce this to be a very readable book. Some of the scenes, such as that in the New York gaming-house, and the terrible explanation between Darnley Sheffield and his mother, are told with uncommon dramatic power.

*A Glossarial Index to the Printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century.* By HERBERT COLERIDGE. pp. 102.—We can best explain the purpose of this little work by quoting two or three sentences from the preface. Mr. Coleridge says: “The present publication may be considered as the foundation-stone of the historical and literary portion of the Philological Society’s proposed English Dictionary. Its appearance in a separate form has been necessitated by the nature of the scheme on which that work is being constructed. Without entering into details, it will be sufficient for the present purpose to mention that the raw material of the dictionary, the words and authorities, are being brought together by a number of independent collectors, for whom it is necessary to provide some common standard of comparison. . . . This standard for works of earlier date than 1526 is furnished by the following pages.” We need scarcely say that this book is quite unique of its kind, and likely to prove of the greatest interest to the student of early English literature.

*A Familiar History of British India, for the use of Colleges and Schools.* By J. H. Stocqueler, Esq. (Darton and Co.) pp. 196.—Mr. Stocqueler says that while preparing some of his pupils for military and civil service in India he was struck with the extraordinary imperfections of the history of India prescribed by the late East India Company for the candidates for their services, and still continued in use. He has accordingly written this little volume for the special use of schools. After having perused the greater part of it with tolerable care, we can speak in its favour. It is very accurate without being a dull catalogue of facts, and at the same time the style is lively and pleasant. Of course it does not pretend to give a very full account of India. More advanced students will have to go to such works as those of Elphinstone or Mill but yet the beginner will have commenced well if he have mastered this very useful little manual of Mr. Stocqueler’s.

*My Country: The History of the British Isles. Part I.* By E. S. H. Edited by the Rev. JOHN BROOME, Vicar of Houghton, Norfolk. (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.)—This is the first instalment of “The History of the British Isles;” four more parts are in due time to follow and complete the series. This little book, otherwise deserving of considerable praise, is written on a plan which, in our opinion, necessarily precludes it from being impartial. It is written on Protestant principles, with the especial object of holding up to animadversion Roman Catholicism. With this latter religion we have no sympathy whatever, but history is not the place for polemics. What is it that utterly mars Dr. Lingard’s “History of England,” and Miss Strickland’s (otherwise delightful) “Lives of the Queens of England”? Simply the gross partiality of each writer for all who professed the Roman Catholic creed. So, too, all books of history hitherto published with a special bias towards Protestantism have been failures, simply because the writers were not, and could not be, thoroughly impartial. Many persons, for whose opinions we have a great respect, will differ from us; but we only state our honest convictions. With the exception just mentioned, we are very happy to say a good word for this modest little volume.

The *Art Journal* contains an admirable engraving of Cope’s picture of “Wolsey at Leicester Abbey,” from the *burin* of Mr. W. Greambach; and another of Rubens’s picture, “Summer Time,” by Mr. Wilmore. The sculpture-piece for the number is from Stephens’s group, “Maternal Love,” engraved by Roffé. The literary contents include the second part of the article on “Ruskin v. Raffaele;” the “Last Hours of the Painters,” by Mr. G. W. Thornbury; the forty-sixth chapter of “British Artists, their styles and character,” by Mr. Dafforne, the subject chosen being Henry Jutsum; the sixteenth chapter of Mr. Fairholt’s “Tombs of English Artists,” the subject being George Vertue; and a continuation of the “Excursions in South Wales,” by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

*Bentley* for this month commences with the posing query, “Is the Peace peaceful?” We can only say that we heartily trust the affirmative answer to this question may be the correct one. “How the Major lost and won” is a lively story, which may be read at the sea-side when nothing better is procurable. “Ems and its neighbourhood” gives an account of a very pretty healthy town, where at the hotel one may live with comfort for six shillings per diem. The writer exhorts persons not to be terrified by Bradshaw, who stigmatises it as an “expensive place.” “A Gouty Subject,” by Monkshood, is an entertaining gossiping essay on everything relating to that gentlemanly disease, the gout. The writer gives us glimpses of some celebrated sufferers, from Galba down to Horace Walpole. Other readable articles in *Bentley* for this month are, “Frederick the Great and Catherine II.,” and “M. Dumas in Georgia.”

*Fraser* for September opens with an article on Machiavelli and his “Prince,” explained and illustrated. It appears to have been written for the purpose of correcting some fallacies in Lord Macaulay’s essay. The second paper, written by Mr. J. E. Cairnes, contains a most interesting attempt towards an experimental solution of the gold question. The author concludes his essay with urging that the industrial development of the gold countries cannot be fully accomplished before one of two things takes place, viz., until either prices throughout the world rise in proportion to the reduction in the cost of gold, that is to say, to double their present amount; or until, owing to the exhaustion of the present gold-fields, gold can no longer be produced at its present cost. The whole subject is a most interesting and indeed momentous one, and that to



other persons beside the political economist. Dr. Mayo contributes a letter containing some remarks on Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilisation." Dr. Mayo, though terming Mr. Buckle's work "a magnificent contribution to the literature and philosophy of the age," controverts some of that gentleman's conclusions. The review of the "Idylls of the King" justly commends Mr. Tennyson's recent work, though otherwise, so far as we have observed, it is not superior to the majority of criticisms which have appeared upon the same subject. Mr. Chorley gives us some fresh notes on the national drama of Spain. A. K. H. B. contributes a most laudatory paper on the recently-published series of "Friends in Council." Mr. Helps, if criticised at all in the pages of *Fraser*, would naturally, from the circumstance of his connection with that periodical, be more likely to receive praise than blame; but we confess we were hardly prepared for the exceeding warmth of commendation which A. K. H. B. lavishes upon Mr. Helps' very common-place volumes. As—in opposition to the opinions of the *Saturday Review*—we think A. K. H. B.'s lucubrations in general very well worth reading, we are sorry he has not chosen a better subject for his pen. He utterly fails to convince us that the way in which Mr. Helps hunts a tedious platitudinal to death, spinning it out and refining upon it *ad nauseam*, is so attractive that no one in modern days can equal it. "Much Ado about Nothing" is the title of a caustic and well-written article upon Mr. Cole's adulations of Mr. Charles Kean. We may add that both the novels in *Fraser* appear to us to possess great merit.

*Titan* for this month opens with a thoughtful though somewhat melancholy essay, entitled "A Day's Reverie in Westminster Abbey." "The Book of Bradshaw" furnishes materials for a genial, gossiping article. Of "The Snake Charmer" we have been unable to read more than the first hundred lines, and even that was accomplished with some effort. "Walks about Windsor" enables the writer to discourse, quaintly and pleasantly, about some of the personages who are historically connected with that pleasant locality. "Specimens of popular French Authors" contains the translation of one of Balzac's tales. We have, too, a lengthy instalment of "Getting on." The whole number is, we think, quite up to the average.

The *Universal Review* is on the whole somewhat graver than most of its monthly contemporaries, although in this number we have the commencement of what promises to be an excellent novel. "The Wants of the Army" treats of that thrice-told tale, the disasters of the Crimea and the blunders of red-tapists. Neumann's "British Empire in Asia" contains a review of the two portly octavo volumes by that writer, lately published at Leipzig. "The Secret Literature of Russia" scarcely throws any new light upon the subject which it treats of. "Civilised America" is a paper which reviews not only Mr. Colley Grattan's admirable volumes, but also those of Dr. Mackay, the Misses Turnbull, &c. "Most voyagers in America," says the reviewer, "repeat the same thing over and over again. We are rather tired of hearing that the hotels are of enormous size; that you can have your clothes washed by steam; that the lake steamers are the most luxurious in the world; that the ladies dress in an exaggerated style of fashion; and that most persons eat in a tremendous hurry." We made use of similar language to this some weeks ago, while reviewing the Misses Turnbull's work. The writer coincides, too, with what we said when we criticised Mr. Grattan's work. The reviewer is, we think, rather too hard upon Dr. Mackay's work. With the spirit of the entire article we thoroughly agree. The other articles in this number are: "The Shakespeare Controversy," "Mr. Canning and his Times,"

"The Man of Mystery," "The Session." The whole number, though perhaps somewhat too grave, is marked by considerable thought and earnestness.

The *Englishwoman's Journal* commences with a thoughtful article on "Insanity, its Cause and Cure." "Infant Seamstresses" is a strong appeal in favour of those hapless little labourers who labour a good many hours more than nine per diem. "Women in Turkey" and the "Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli" will both well repay perusal.

The *National Magazine*, in which politics are wisely ignored, contains several very readable papers. The tales, reviews, and poetry are all of rather more than average merit, and some of the engravings are excellent. We have a fresh instalment of Mr. Robert Brough's novel, and the last paper but one of Mr. Sutherland Edwards's very entertaining sketches and studies in Russia. We have, too, the first moiety of a story by Dr. Doran; and Miss Isa Craig furnishes a song which has at least the merit of being very short.

The *Constitutional Press* contains the continuation of "Hopes and Fears," by the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe." This novel as it proceeds decidedly increases in interest. "Idylls of the King" is, of course, a review of Mr. Tennyson's poem. The writer, after finding fault with the styles of Lord Macaulay, Messrs. Ruskin, Carlyle, Dickens, and Thackeray, sums up with the declaration "that the only popular and influential writer of undefiled English is Mr. Tennyson." He adds: "Latin words (in the 'Idylls of the King') are frequently used in their real and simple meanings—the meaning they had before uneducated members of Parliament and newspaper editors got hold of them." We should imagine the "Biography of Mr. Charles Kean" in these pages had received a blow by the publication of Mr. Cole's laudations of that actor. Other articles are: "The Ghost of Holloway-lane," "Church-rates," "The Morality of Public Men," and "The Rhyme of the Session."

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett have added to their "Standard Library" *The Memoirs of Adam Grawe of Mossgrange, including some Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie*, by the author of "Lilliesleaf"—a beautiful and readable reprint of this excellent tale, with an illustration by Birket Foster.—We have also received: A second edition of *Poplar House Academy*. By the Author of "Mary Powell." (Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.) Reprinted into one handsome volume.—A new edition of *The Comic Sketch-book; or, Sketches and Recollections*. By John Poole, Esq. (Routledge, Warne, and Routledge).—*Dottings of a Lounger*. By Frank Fowler. (Routledge.) A collection of sketches and more or less comic papers, reprinted for the most part from the *Weekly Mail*.—*Recreative Science*. No. II. (Groombridge).—An admirable and most interesting serial.—*The Bulwark*. No. XCIX. (Seeleys).—*The Victoria (St. Lawrence) Bridge*. (Printed by R. Clay.) A brief but interesting account of the magnificent bridge built by Mr. Robert Stephenson over the great Canadian river, a work of engineering which puts even the great Menai suspension bridge in the shade.—*The Builders' Strike: Trial and Verdict in the great case of Potterabout versus Wallop*. (Ward and Lock).—A serio-comic argument against trades unions, putting the matter into a very straightforward and common-sense form.—*A Few Words on behalf of the Orphan Girls in Union Houses*. (Bell and Daldy).—A third edition of *The Pleasures of Religion, and other Poems*. By P. D. Hardy, M.R.I.A. (Dublin: P. D. Hardy and Sons).—A collection of very creditable and commendable compositions.—*Our National Defences; what are they?* (Effingham Wilson.)

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### PENINSULAR LITERATURE.

*Studien zur Geschichte der Spanischen und Portugiesischen National-literatur.* (Studies relating to the History of Spanish and Portuguese National Literature.) Von FERDINAND WOLF. Berlin: A. Asher and Co. London: Nutt.

THE RICH, genial, and catholic criticism of Germany has produced few works richer, more genial, and more catholic than this. It is distinguished by an immense erudition, and by a truly loving appreciation of the literary achievements of Spain and Portugal; but yet it is strictly just and impartial, and is free from those foolish exaggerations to which dainty gleaners though not robust sowers and reapers in the same field are so prone, such as placing Calderon above Shakespeare, and enthroning the "Poema del Cid" beside the "Iliad." It may be doubted, notwithstanding the welcome given to Ticknor's History, whether the literature of the Peninsula has as many students in England as it had thirty or forty years ago. Italian is an accomplishment, French a necessity, German a weapon at once and a storehouse; except in rare cases, Spanish and Portuguese can only be poetical attractions which the poetical mind or the poetical mood alone can feel. The war in the Peninsula roused and kept alive an enthusiasm for the literary productions of the Peninsula; but after the fever of Wellington's triumphs the spectacle of hopeless political and social degeneracy proved fatal to that enthusiasm. It was discouraging, also, that when England had so prodigally expended her blood and treasure for the deliverance of Spain and Portugal, these countries should rush into an intellectual bondage to France, their late oppressor, and surrender a heritage as precious as freedom.

Recently there have been signs of intellectual independence; Spain and Portugal have discovered how vast and valuable their own literary treasures are, compared to those of the land they were silly and craven enough to imitate, and editions

of great but forgotten authors have been multiplied. One result will no doubt be, that English interest in the literature of the Peninsula will revive and be more deep and earnest than it has yet been. It will probably be long, however, before English interest approaches the depth and thoroughness of German sympathy, whereby it strangely happens that Germany has studied more, knows better, illustrates and interprets better, the literary utterance of Spain and Portugal than themselves. This is not a solitary example. It is not English but German scholars who have done most for the Anglo-Saxon language and literature. And there is scarcely a language or literature in the world which has not been more indebted to German than to native scholarship. We have as yet no history of our own language and literature worthy of both, and Germany will have to do for us the service which she has done for other nations, ignorant, or indolent, or indifferent in regard to their glorious past. It is perhaps well that, from her mental hospitality and her many-handed untiring laboriousness, Germany, amid so many gigantic tasks, should be willing to achieve one task more,—that of tracing all the languages and literatures of the earth from their most rudimentary forms to their most perfect development. Immense is the gain in comprehensiveness and profundity, in accuracy of detail, in minuteness of analysis, in fertility of suggestion, in ingenuity of conjecture; but far more important is the gain in that spiritual brotherhood through which, and not through a vague cosmopolitanism, mankind must at last in every clime attain a common civilisation, wherewith a pregnant individuality would yet in every instance be compatible; for that alone can be a true and divine civilisation whereby individuality is recognised and nourished.

Nations should keep their characteristic features, without fidelity whereto there can be no freedom; but this does not imply either a sectarian feeling or a proud isolation, with which patriotism, like religion, is so often confounded. As respects lan-

guages, what they convey from lip to lip, from ear to ear, from eye to eye—what they transmit from age to age—sectarianism and isolation are falsehood and folly; inasmuch as all sound and penetrating research carries us to certain primeval and primordial centres of thought and speech, from which the loneliest and most distant ray, ideas the most singular, words the most diverse, must have travelled. This nations in their vanity forget, claiming as their own what has been a legacy to every tribe of men from remotest centuries. The encyclopædic grasp of German learning thrusts such vanity aside as if it were guilt and godlessness, and we are taught to find a new and sublime sense—the sense of most loving affinity in that Logos to which, as to Supreme Reason and Infallible Discourse, every soul must listen that would view the universe as a symbol of the highest, and as no enigma and tragedy. Thus comparative grammar becomes a kind of worship, and has a mystic beauty which the mere pedant never suspects who treats letters and syllables as dry bones to be symmetrically arranged, instead of as germs to be unfolded into harmonious life. Now, it would be a mistake to suppose that nations are confessing themselves poorer when frankly admitting how much of their intellectual wealth they have borrowed from other nations, how much of it they have inherited from long-vanished times. The opposite is signally the case. Contrary to the usual absurd notion, there is no fact so demonstrable as that originality may invariably be measured by the power to appropriate and assimilate. But the assimilation is indispensable. To appropriate and assimilate is genius; to appropriate without assimilating is mimicry or theft. Whenever the French have imitated, or been imitated by others, there has been appropriation without assimilation. But England has the strength to assimilate whatever it has the boldness to appropriate; and the most original of writers, Shakespeare, may be called the great appropriator—that is, the great assimilator.

Next to our own there is, perhaps, no modern literature so original as the Spanish, and perhaps, next to our own, no modern literature has appropriated and assimilated so much. There are materials enough for those of our readers who are acquainted only with English, but who have diligently perused whatever in their own language related to or was translated from Spanish, to determine this for themselves. The Eastern element will unquestionably be felt to have been the predominating one. Hence came the sentimentousness, the lyrical abruptness, the wild romance, the moralising on human life, so different from our Western reflectiveness, and the deep irony, the kindred to which our author can discern in nothing except English humour. This Orientalism has been disputed, for no other reason, probably, than its obviousness—to many persons in these days a reason overwhelming. But the Eastern element must not be limited to the sway of the Arabs in Spain. The proximity to Africa, the settlement of the Jews in countless hosts, the mad fertilising tumult of the Crusades, poured Eastern influences into the Peninsula, which rapidly ripened in the brilliant clime and under the flaming sun.

The history of a country is in general that of a grand and valiant race. But the history of the Peninsula has been mainly moulded by its physical configuration, and especially by the chains of mountains which traverse it in every direction, and which are an invincible obstacle to its unity. The Romans entwined themselves more livingly with Spain than with any other of the kingdoms they conquered, as is proved by the Roman majesty of the Spanish language, and by the Roman form of the Spanish countenance. But for this large blending of the Roman blood with the blood of the barbarians, Spain would have been the slowest of European lands in learning the arts of peace. Nowhere, however, could the masters of the world pass, nowhere abide, without rendering Right sacred, as well in its legal shape as in its moral elevation and stringency. The irruption of the Germanic races into Spain added the idea of Freedom to the idea of Right. But it was with the advent of the Arabs that culture began. That the Spaniards proper gave back improved what they had received is true; it is not, however, just, because they did so, to deny the original gift. Indeed, all culture seems to have marched from East to West, from North to South, and then, after undergoing infinite transfigurations, to have journeyed back. This puzzles the ordinary inquirer, though it ought rather to be a light and a guide to him. The want of proportion, the huge, the fabulous, the monstrous, the chaotic, which mark the Middle Ages, are Oriental exaggerations stopping to give a farewell performance ere returning to their home in India—that inexhaustible mother of myth and song, and adoration, and dream.

In the Pyrenean peninsula there had been Phœnician and Greek and Carthaginian settlements, and on the downfall of the Western Empire the Suevians prepared the way for the Visigoths, and these for the Saracens. The literature also of Northern Spain was in many points identical with that of the South of France; so identical indeed, that it would frequently be difficult even for an able scholar like Ferdinand Wolf to say which first bestowed, in a continual reciprocity. But, spite of settlements, and conquests, and the enriching force of intellectual intercourse, on many a mountain height and in many an inaccessible fastness the ancient Celtiberian race may have kept an impregnable footing, treasuring there customs and traditions singularly contrasting with those brought to the coasts and the valleys by commerce, by war, and by poetry. Granting this, however, there would hereby be a new proof that the Eastern element had held in the Peninsula an omnipotent dominion, forasmuch as the Celti-

berians, like the family of nations to which they belonged, were intensely, tenaciously Oriental. Communism and clanship are very much the same thing, and perhaps clanship is the only possible form of communism. The traces of the clan are exceedingly visible in Spain; the instinct of the clan survives. But the clan here was plainly of Celtiberian growth, which means that it was an Oriental fact. The Slavonic races attempted, and in some measure achieved, a kind of communism without either chieftain or clan. The Germanic races had chieftainship without either the clan or the communism. In the Celtic races the clan is so communistic in its deepest life, that it can often allow the communistic organisation to be somewhat loose—can sometimes dispense with the chieftain. Now the Germans—who, not from vanity, but from real earnestness and faith, are inclined to ascribe whatsoever is best in Europe to German influence—make Germany the mother of those communal and political privileges in maintenance of which the Spaniards so desperately battled against successive despots. German freedom had its empire, no doubt. But far stronger was Celtiberian clanship speaking from its rocks. This is not a matter for theoretical disputation or paradoxical assertion. There are literatures which are, or at least which appear, almost unaffected by climatic peculiarities and political catastrophes. The Italian literature seems as naturally the offspring of the Latin as if there had never been a single revolution in Italy. But the history of the Peninsular literatures is the history of political vicissitudes. Jagged as the Sierra, hot as the Sun, if they are born of the Sierra and the Sun they were moulded by ceaseless commotions. They draw us toward them by three seductions: sonorous grandeur of language, romantic opulence, and gorgefulness of colouring. The first is Roman, the second Celtiberian, the third Saracenic. One power mingling with the more worldly powers in the literary development of the Peninsula we cannot overlook; that power was the cloister. In Spain it had a character altogether apart. As a part of Spain was Castile, or the land of castles, so the cloister in Spain was the castle of God. It was not alone a place of retirement and repose; it was a bulwark raised on high to defy every foe, both seen and unseen. Hence a mysticism which is not like the mysticism to be found in any other land or religion—a mysticism lofty, ecstatic, but seldom profound—a mysticism wherein prayer appears as a kind of castellated vestibule to heaven, and heaven as the castle of castles, secure for ever from devil and heretic. Outside of this elevation which distinguishes both the religion and the literature of the Peninsula, these have a Guerilla aspect. What was the Inquisition but a Guerilla of the household—a little teasing, cruel war waged against the home as by province against province? And what mean the boundary lines which our author establishes between popular poetry, artistic poetry, court poetry, learned poetry, except conflict of the Guerilla sort?

It is probable that the literature of Portugal and Spain will undergo important changes when these two countries relapse into their natural condition—are dismembered into an immense number of principalities. Under one government Germany would be the great conservative country of Europe. Under one or two governments the peninsula is condemned to most tragic anarchy. This artificial unity must end. When on the Peninsular soil Moor fought with Moor, Christian with Christian, and Christian with Moor, Spain and Portugal were much more faithful to their spontaneous vitality than now. Leaving, however, the Future to work out its own destiny, and confining ourselves to what has been, without speculating on what may be, we thank our author for enabling us to behold so clearly that unfolding of the Peninsular mind of which we can ascertain absolutely nothing from hasty, shallow, rhetorical compilations like that of Sismondi.

ATTICUS.

#### FRANCE.

*Notes from Paris on Literature, Art, the Drama, &c.*

Paris, September 1.

MESSRS. FIRMIN DIDOT have issued a new edition of the complete poetical works of the Polish patriot Adam Mickiewicz, who was formerly professor of Slavonic languages and literature in the College of France. It is translated from the posthumous edition, of the author's works published in 1858, by Christian Ostrowski. The present issue contains some poems not published in any former edition, and also the passages suppressed by the Russian censors. The work is in two small volumes, the first containing the sonnets, hymns, and miscellaneous poems. "Les Aieux," and the Lithuanian legend entitled "Grazina;" and the second "Konrad Wallenrod," the "Acts of the Polish Nation," and the famous "Thadée Soplica." It is unnecessary to say anything of the works of Mickiewicz; that he was a true patriot was never doubted, and none can read either of his chief works, even in a foreign tongue, without pronouncing him a true poet also.

Adam Mickiewicz died in November, 1855, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He had previously been employed for ten years as librarian in the arsenal of Paris, and was sent by the French Government to Constantinople to organise the Polish legions to be employed in the Crimean war, and his life is believed to have been sacrificed to the work he had undertaken.

As regards the translation into French, the poems must necessarily have lost some of their charm by being rendered, not only into another language, but also into prose; but the translation was a labour of love undertaken by M. Ostrowski, whose reputation as an original writer stands high, and he has succeeded in producing, if not an exact counterpart of the original, a very elegant and spirited work, which will convey to those who are not acquainted with the language of Poland's national poet a





From a Photograph by Messrs. Maul and Polyblank.

*And 'tis played that I am, and why not to be sure?*

*For 'tis all for good luck says bowler Roy Moore*

*Samuel Lover*





vivid notion at once of his patriotism and poetic power, and at the same time charm them with the purity and elegance of its style.

The linguistic prize founded by Volney was given to M. Buschmann, author of a work on "The Influence of the Aztec Language on the Dialects of Central America." M. Lenormant's paper attracted considerable curiosity; and amongst other conclusions put forth was, that the ancient Scythians of Darius and Mithridates had nothing in common with the Cossack or Tartar races, but had in fact the same origin as the finer European families. This opinion was supported by reference to a golden vase discovered in the tomb of Persizade, a Scythian king, contemporary of Alexander, and who died in the year 310 before Christ. On this vessel was a series of figures in bas-relief, beautifully executed, representing a Scythian king surrounded by his officers and attendants.

But the event of the day was the recital by M. Viennet, with great animation, of his *Epistle to his Fourscore Years*. How few octogenarians retain the power of penning, and still more of declaiming, such lines as the following:

J'ai vu dans quarante ans de changemens sinistres,  
Passer dans nos palais cent quatorze ministres.  
Sur la terre avec moi trente-deux sont restés;  
Ils diront si ma voix les a jamais flattés. . . .  
Alarmés d'un discord où s'abîmait la France,  
Du passé, du présent, je rêvai l'alliance.  
"Chacun, dis-je, eut ses torts, ses erreurs, ses abus;  
Mais chacun a ses droits, sa gloire, ses vertus.  
Prenons dans les deux camps ce qui fut juste et sage.  
Faisons la part du droit et celle du naufrage,  
N'ayons, pour vivre en paix sous la commune loi,  
Ni roi sans liberté, ni liberté sans roi."  
Imprudent que j'étais, précurseur téméraire  
De ce juste milieu qu'a tué leur colère!  
L'un détestait nos rois, l'autre nos libertés.  
Que pouvait la raison contre des entités  
Qui, poussés par l'orgueil de folie en folie,  
Se perdant l'un par l'autre et risquant leur patrie,  
Devaient, après trente ans d'une guerre sans fin,  
De l'histoire et des plaideurs éprouver le destin?

It is unaccountable that these annual gatherings of the Institute should be held when everybody is out of town. The room was full, it is true, with one remarkable exception—namely, the chairs of the Academicians, many of which were vacant. But the Institute is not brilliant just now; it seems to be going through an interregnum.

The public exhibition of the works for the grand prize in sculpture opened on Wednesday last at the *École des Beaux Arts*. The exhibitions of paintings, engravings, and gems will take place during the current month; and the selected prizes and the works sent home from Rome are to be exhibited together from the 25th inst. to the 2nd October.

Workmen are now being employed in the Rue de la Harpe in taking down the remains of the old College de Bayeux, founded in 1308 by Bishop Bonnet. The ogival gateway which opens on the street will be removed with great care, the historical capitals being very curious, and placed in the new square of the Palais des Thermes, with the Porch of Argenteuil, the evangelical animals of the Tour St. Jacques, and other antique specimens.

The ruins of the old Palais des Thermes, built by Augustus Caesar, and which by the recent alterations face the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, have been tastefully arranged, a formal garden has been planted around them, and some pieces of ancient sculpture and fragments of architecture decorate and give a character to the spot. This palace used to be attri-

buted to Julian; but excavations made some time since revealed the fact of Augustus being the founder. The ruins form certainly the most interesting archaeological monument in Paris. The improvements in this quarter of the city are proceeding with great rapidity. The buildings opposite the Palais de Justice are all cleared away, the quays are being reconstructed, and the new bridge, the Pont au Change, is to be finished within the year. The other new bridge, christened Pont de Solferino, opposite the Palace of the Legion of Honour, is a very handsome structure, and was opened, as was the new Boulevard du Champ de Mars, on the day of the entry of the army of Italy into Paris. To complete the notice of recent improvements, it may be mentioned that the Place Louvois, in the Rue Richelieu, where stood the theatre in which the Duc de Berri was assassinated, has been completely remodelled, and now forms a pretty garden for the use of the public; the handsome fountain in the centre, by Visconti, formed of colossal figures, representing the rivers Seine, Loire, Saône, and Garonne, has been bronzed by the galvanic process, and presents a very handsome appearance. It is surrounded by a border of flowers; the rest of the space is occupied by trees planted at long distances, and by parterres in the four angles.

At last we have had the pleasure of seeing the "Honest Women" of the Vaudeville, and we must say that the difference between them and their predecessors on the same boards is not quite so great as that between Diana and Venus. The characters consist of four married couples and the mother of one of the ladies. The latter, by her own admission, is an exception to the general statement. The daughter is married to one man and loves another, and her husband is driven by disappointed affection to the very verge of suicide, when he discovers, by opening a letter addressed to his wife, that his rival is a man of honour, and has taken unto himself a bride instead of stealing another man's wife; a second couple consists of a jealous husband and a mischievous wife with a lover whom she holds in *terror* over her lord, but not master; the third pair is quite a model of conjugal felicity, drawn in milk and water; while the fourth is made up of a male dummy and a lady whose sole occupation seems to be to talk of the great danger she is in from her numerous admirers, and to declare her opinion that a woman so placed can scarcely help falling. All talk so glibly about conjugal infidelity that it is perfectly astonishing where honest women could have picked up such ideas, and still more how they can give utterance to them. The piece is nothing more than a farce in three acts, with melodramatic episodes, and it was played in that intensely sentimental, conventional style that brings out weak writing in the strongest possible relief. The effect upon the audience resembles a good deal that which would be produced by "assisting" at the funeral of an entire stranger; it depresses the spirits without exciting the feelings. Such attempts at illustrating virtue only serve to show how deep the virus has entered into French society, and the only possible effect that the repetition of such a play can have is to give greater zest to the piquancy of the next piece of the "Dame aux Camélias" or *Demi-monde* class, unless indeed it should make all the world avoid the place where it is enacted, as is pretty nearly the case already. It is a long time since we have seen such a beggarly account of empty benches in Paris, and we think the state of the theatre highly creditable to the public taste. Still every day we see "The Honest Women" announced as the most remarkable production of the season, and so, in one sense, they are; but it is to be hoped that they will soon be replaced by something quite as respectable and more entertaining.

## THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

### THE DRAMA.

"THOU HAST IT NOW; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all! as the weird women promised." Banquet, Testimonial, *Times'* leader, have crowned Mr. Charles Kean's career, and that without his paying the usual penalty of death or even retirement from the stage. To pursue undeviatingly a course of truth is a hard task, and no one is more severely tested in this respect than the uncompromising critic. The object of public attention, be he statesman, author, actor, or great criminal, is sure in his course, if he have money and tact, to make a party; and a small party, as we all know, can make a very great noise. They are restless, active, pertinacious, vehement, unscrupulous, bullying; and by dint of talking, dining, earwigging, bribing, puffing, and a constant succession of small arts, get up a factitious reputation or notoriety for their idol. Independent criticism is attributed to personal malice; lukewarmness is set down to a want of taste; and opposition of any kind is at last termed malignant enmity or insane eccentricity. When the public papers have been gradually sapped and mined by indirect bribes, extending from private boxes to the purchase of dramatic pieces for hundreds of pounds; when obnoxious and independent writers who would not falsify have been by intrigues removed from papers, and their fair professional course seriously interfered with—when the merit of all surrounding and assisting parties has been sacrificed to a gigantic system of puffing the principal, and the invention of the mechanist, the art of the scene-painter, the taste of the decorator, the research of the antiquary, the skill of the stage-manager, and the genius of the musical composer, have all been absurdly agglomerated on one person to an impossible amount of individual merit—then springs up a sickly, rickety, maufactured celebrity. The page and the policeman receive testimonials from the theatrical monarch, but the real assistants are ignored. They, it is said, are paid; and money stands in lieu of honour and reputation, which are sold to the employer. This system of manufacture is observable in other callings than the stage, and strikes everywhere at the root of the healthy and vigorous exercise of genuine talent.

The picture we have here drawn of the mode of manufacturing a

modern reputation is by no means imaginary: for every instance we have given we have corroborative proof, and even of more direct influences. We are enabled to prove one case where money (a cheque for ten pounds, with the offer of twenty, or the naming the amount) was proffered to support this factitious system; and although it was not offered directly by the individual lusting after the praise, yet it was tendered by one not likely to waste his own money in bolstering up the celebrity of another. Other instances, pretty well authenticated, of a fourteen-guinea ring, and of sable boas to the wives of influential writers, are well known. Indeed, it is only the general mass of innocent readers—persons unused to such paltry proceedings—who do not know how the notoriety of conjurers, mediocre actors, quack doctors, and Jew slop-sellers, is manufactured in this modern Rome. What everybody writes (or nearly everybody) must be true! and, in spite of their own purer taste and sounder judgments, readers are silenced, if not convinced. Such a course is expensive; but there are many weak individuals who are consumed with a passion for celebrity in some particular calling, and will beggar themselves to get the mere semblance of it. The late George Stevens, a most accomplished scholar and man of fortune, thus ruined himself, and literally died a pauper from an insane desire to be esteemed a modern acted dramatist: for which nature had not fitted him; intending him, indeed, for something much better—a real poet and a gentleman.

The laurel or the oak-leaf thus won quickly withers. The factitious has no true vitality. The wine manufactured in the cellar soon loses its bouquet, and does not improve by time. Time is indeed the remorseless and rapid consumer of sham celebrity. The strain is too violent, and the artificial springs that give a temporary elasticity to the seat on which the mock hero is throned get out of order, and are anything but comfortable. Like other theatrical properties, it soon grows dingy; the Dutch metal turns black, the velvet is moth-eaten, the crazy legs are broken, and it is thrown into a loft amidst similar lumber, the tawdry debris of factitious greatness. Its admirers rapidly forget their hero, whether he be a wanderer or dead, and he is thought of no more; his eulogies having passed into waste paper, only to be referred to by the antiquarian grub, time out of mind the recorder of such eccentric monstrosities.

The managing career of Mr. Charles Kean came last Monday evening to a close, and was celebrated, by a house densely crowded, with strong marks of esteem and approbation. He closed nine years of management with a speech (given in full elsewhere) which was remarkable for that lugubriousness which seems to be a constitutional infirmity with Mr. Charles Kean. We heard him recite it, and were struck by the mournful tone he uttered it in. The words "incessant toil and intense anxiety" were expressed with the earnestness of a dying patriot who had liberated a nation; and the " manifold difficulties and disappointments " were alluded to with a clerical solemnity that might have suited the pulpit of the most venerable of our cathedrals. It is to be regretted that Mr. Kean has not inherited more of his father's lion-like energy, which never descended to complaint, but flamed and flashed with terrific energy at opposition and difficulty. Mr. Macready, however, set the fashion of the Byronic discontent on the stage, and Mr. Kean has unhappily continued it. "The plan of a cheerful countenance," we think, is much preferable, and in the end is sure to win more genuine sympathy. Many persons deny Mr. Kean any claim on public approbation, because he is exacting in his demand for praise. This is not just, for he has earnestly fulfilled the mission he has set himself; he has worked night and day at the elaborate illustration of some half-dozen of Shakespeare's plays, and with an ardour which a bibliomaniac might expend on literary illustration, or a collector like Heber or Bernal on books and articles of *virtu*. Whether any one person understands any one line of Shakespeare better than when he began we doubt, although there is no doubt that many have a clearer notion of the arms, weapons, furniture, clothes, heraldic bearings, and ceremonies of the times of Richard II. and Henry VIII.—a knowledge which, though not necessary to the understanding and studying human character and human emotions, is still scholarly and ornamental. In this line of attraction he has been bounteous and zealous, and it is to be regretted that he has allowed his zeal as an antiquary and a decorator to interfere with his commercial speculation as a manager. But whatever may be the regret felt for Mr. Kean's " manifold disappointments " in this respect, it should not make writers unjust to his predecessors in the same line. It is not just in the leading journal of the day, knowing how widely its opinions and statements spread, to ignore the efforts of Mme. Vestris, Mr. Macready, and Mr. Phelps. Mr. Charles Kean has invented nothing, though he may have improved something. Yet this may be doubted, for the skillful in the arts know nothing in scene painting that has surpassed (if even it has ever equalled) the illustration of " Love's Labour Lost," by Mme. Vestris; nor have we seen anything that surpassed in effect and correctness the senate scene in " Coriolanus," and the Sicilian valley with the ebbing tide and dancing peasants in " Acis and Galatea," under Mr. Macready's management. Nor do we know that any one play, not even " The Tempest " or " The Merchant of Venice," exceeded, either in minuteness of illustration or variety and beauty of scenery, that of the revival of " Pericles," at Sadler's Wells. Nor is it consistent with fact to say, " Neither can we point to any living actor who has the slightest chance of succeeding him as the acknowledged representative of the leading characters of Shakespeare, or of approximating to his matchless Louis XI." Such eulogy is wanton exaggeration or servile flattery. Mr. Phelps, with many defects, is far nearer to Shakespearean delineation than Mr. Charles Kean, and has greater physical and mental qualifications, as the impartial public declare; and had he had the same opportunity of appealing to the public, the same stage, the same courtly connection, he would indeed have cleaved the general ear and amazed the very faculties of eyes and ears. Mr. Charles Kean is not " the great tragedian of his day," nor of any day. He has been a great decorating manager, and a clever worldly man, who has turned all his connections to good account. And indeed it is curious to observe how those who value their own reputation and are careful what they say, studiously avoid all criticism on him as an actor. The Dukely chairman acknowledges the fellow-Etonian, the scholar, and the manager, but says little about the actor. The leader-writer (not the theatrical critic) is vague in his personal admiration. He tells us, indeed, that nobody can realise the great creations of Shakespeare. " Of his own gifts as an actor we need not speak. We speak of him as a manager." Mr. Kean, he tells us, " has cleared the stage of its impertinences, vulgarities, anachronisms, and tawdry and promiscuous glitter." We think Mr. Macready and Mr. Phelps had left few to clear away; nor are we quite sure but that some few of all these might have been detected even in Mr. Kean's representations. But Mr. Kean has the superlative merit of having made supernumeraries and ballet girls virtuous. We hope it may be so; but we fear, notwithstanding the innocence of the *Times*' writer, that a theatre is not the place for virgin delicacy and scrupulous honesty. Female exposure and the loose morals of a show place, where all kinds of outcasts of other professions and callings are brought together, can never be cited as a region free from moral laxity. We are not special puritans, but we cannot consent to aid in confounding notions of right and wrong, and must declare that a theatrical life can never be free from the most dangerous temptations, especially to females. Mr. Kean is, we believe, a really good man and model husband, as he was a son; but how far he can affect the

Sad happy race, soon raised and soon depressed,  
Whose days are pass'd in jeopardy and jest;  
Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,  
Not warn'd by misery, nor enrich'd by gain—

we cannot say; but we think not to the extent the *Times*' writer floridly asserts.

Upon Mr. Kean's merits and defects it is not now necessary to dissertate. We think he has been singularly unhappy in two things—in a morbid tendency of disposition, which has induced him to crave unduly for admiration and sympathy; and, secondly, in being surrounded by injudicious or hollow friends, who have written his life, penned many of his criticisms, and involved him in absurdities and contests. We incline to think his great father's opinion in the main correct, and that he was not intended by nature for an actor. His deficiency of voice, and his perpetual anxiety of feeling, prevented the production of any broad and grand effects, and gave a restless littleness to all his personations. His readings were in general good, and his conception of a character often so, but

debased by the vice of point-making, although this error has latterly been much subdued. He was not only small in person, but in effect; the passion of a part never sublimed him, though it sometimes rendered him intense. He was exceedingly painstaking; and his passionate effort to be a celebrated actor carried him some way towards realising this almost delicious desire. He was, within certain limits, compact and effective. He understood the business of the stage thoroughly, and fulfilled the effect he intended in all external particulars where his personal peculiarities did not interfere. Thus in " The Corsican Brothers " and " Louis XI," he was closely real and sharply effective. Viewed as an artistic and poetic conception, the Louis XI. wanted dignity and breadth. It lacked the boldness of one used from his cradle to power. The idealisation of a character Mr. Charles Kean was totally deficient in. Whatever he did that was clever was always within the real and the actual; and never was an actor pretending to celebrity, that we have seen, so totally without that indescribable faculty which sublimed and idealised a part without lessening its reality. Mr. Kean, however, will still be amongst us, and, having descended from the throne and empire of management, remains to be criticised on his own personal qualifications. His management will be long remembered as the most elaborate, costly, and gorgeous this great metropolis has yet had.

A rather smart farce, though of the violent kind, was produced at the Strand on Thursday. It is entitled " The Goose with the Golden Egg," which said goose, being far gone, is presented from one to the other, until it is discovered that there is a pocket-book in it containing 400*l.*, a wedding present from an aunt to a niece. This being found out, each bestower of the goose runs after it until it is traced to a dust-bin; when the 400*l.* falling into the young people's hands the farce ends. Mr. J. Rogers and Mr. J. Clarke were capitally made up as two roguish attorneys, and as there is an opportunity for eccentric conduct and some display of character, they rendered it very amusing. They both played very cleverly, and elicited much genuine humour. The little piece is said to be by Mr. Augustus Mayhew, and it may be reported as uproariously successful.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

WE ARE REQUESTED TO STATE that Mr. Henry Tidley's picture, " The Feast of Roses," exhibited at the New Society of Painters in Water-colours, has been purchased by the Queen.

A private view of the annual exhibition of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts will take place to-day, and the exhibition will be opened to the public on Monday, Sept. 5, at the Queen's Hall, Bold-street. The exhibition promises to be one of more than ordinary interest.

On Saturday last the splendid picture of " Christ Crowned with Thorns," by the late Richard Westall, R.A., which was mutilated by some religious fanatic a few months since, was replaced in its original position in All Souls' Church, Langham-place. The picture was cut in thirteen different places, and the canvas torn down in strips in its most delicate parts, and across the head and flesh of the Saviour. When first seen after the mutilation, the general impression was that the picture was irretrievably destroyed. The Marybone vestry, however, after very much consideration, resolved upon entrusting it for restoration to Mr. Farrer, of New Bond-street. So beautifully is the work of restoration executed that, notwithstanding the picture has been viewed in the strongest light, it is said to be impossible to detect the slightest trace of any flaw or injury.

When a man has made an egregious blunder the best and bravest thing he can do is to confess it frankly, and after that the most prudent course is to say nothing at all about it. The *Athenæum* is determined, however, to take neither of these courses, but is, on the contrary, resolved that its piece of stupidity about Mr. Maclise's *porte-crayon* shall become historical. As we were the first to point out this *lapsus* (for such at the time we believed it to be), it is but natural that we should take some interest in the matter. We do not go quite so far as *Punch*. We don't believe that the *Athenæum* intended to insult Mr. Maclise. It was simply guilty of attempting a piece of pedantry and perpetrating a blunder. This blunder it now is weak enough to defend, and in the following fashion:

Holty toity, here is a rub! Mr. Punch is vexed because we write English instead of French—and his rage foams over two columns, beginning with a fresh and happy quotation from Dogberry, and ending with a broad grin, the only laugh that brightens on his page. He is shocked at the idea of any one speaking of an "artist's pencil-case"—mere English words; far better, he thinks, say *porte-crayon*; and illustrates his own superior practice by scraps of Delectus Latin and chamber-maid French. Only fancy Punch defending the genius of Mr. Maclise and the merits of his great cartoon in Westminster Palace against the *Athenæum*! The thing has one advantage over most literary feats now done by *Punch*—it is droll. We dare assert that Mr. Punch never heard of this cartoon until he read in the *Athenæum* of its grand conception and powerful drawing. Mr. Punch has imagined the facts as well as the "sneers" about which he writes. Our old friend must keep his blood cool: the man who churns his bile thins his wit. Let him remember that only the blade of fine temper is capable of a fine edge.

This, indeed, is but very weak "sky-blue"—a vain attempt to put aside the question by a fatuous gibe: "Only fancy Punch defending the genius of Mr. Maclise! . . . We dare assert that Mr. Punch never heard of the cartoon," &c., &c. Remembering that the fine-art critic of the *Times* is notoriously one of the most frequent contributors to *Punch* (is possibly the writer of the very article to which the *Athenæum* attempts to reply), and that there is in one of Mr. Leech's woodcuts more real art than ever the *Athenæum* wrote, this jest is very sorry. Let that pass, however. What we wish to impress upon the *Athenæum* may be comprised within the following propositions: 1st. That it is not "English" to translate *porte-crayon* by pencil-case—because a *porte-crayon* a *porte-crayon*, an implement for holding chalk. 2dly. *Crayon* does not necessarily mean a lead pencil, such as one puts into a pencil-case; when that is intended to be specially designated the phrase *crayon à plomb* is used. 3rdly. We will venture to say that no artist, or artist's colourman, or any other person knowing anything of art or its processes, would ever think of confounding a *porte-crayon* with a pencil-case.

It is stated that busts of Cicero and Agrippina, and a statue of Apollo, all in bronze, were found a few days ago in removing some earth for a road near Pompeii, and were placed in the museum at Naples.

It has been stated by a contemporary that a large staff of artists is at present at work, under the direction of Mr. Sang, in re-embellishing the ambulatories of the Royal Exchange, one half of which has been already completed. The whole of the designs are perfectly new, and are executed in real fresco, the colours being applied to the mortar while wet, and absorbed in it as it dries. Crystal-



elation takes place, and the work becomes part and parcel of the structure, permitting of the application of almost the rudest means in case it should be required to cleanse it from time to time. Thus it will be seen that the most enduring pictorial mode of embellishment has been decided upon by the Gresham Committee, who were induced to adopt this style on being convinced of its adaptability to a London climate. This process of painting, as is pretty generally understood, requires great experience and the utmost care in its management, as the labours of the artist undergo a great change by the time the colours dry into the mortar, and the artist has therefore to anticipate the effect of his work. The impression upon entering the building is strikingly cheerful, producing, as it were, the effect of a rich and harmoniously decorated skylight, through which a perpetual sunshine is being transmitted, and as the eye glances down the long arcades and up to the ceiling, with its varied, ingenious, and elegant designs, the most Puritan prejudice is compelled to acknowledge the power of form and colour in giving additional grace and dignity to even some of the best of our architectural structures. The different walks of the merchants and their peculiar trades are in these new decorations much more readily recognisable by the coats of arms of the respective countries, and each particular trade is represented according to the ancient custom resorted to by the frequenters of the Royal Exchange. The late temporary decorations had little or no reference to this important question; but now the coats of arms form the chief ornaments of the large arched panels of the walls, the borders of which are filled with a rich Raffaelesque margin upon a purple ground, intersected with emblematic medallions, the main or central leading colour being an aerial and sunny yellow of the most cheerful hue. Suspended clusters of fruit, with their architectural and ornamental accompaniments, call up recollections of similar works at the Vatican and other Italian buildings. It may be hoped that these successful experiments in the heart of the city of London will tend to give to this interesting art a welcome and enduring reception. While advertising to the redecoration of the Royal Exchange, mention may be made of the statue of the Queen in the centre of the quadrangle. The right hand, holding the iron sceptre, is corroded by contact with the metal, and two of the fingers are gone. The marble in parts yields even to the finger-nails, showing that the whole is from an inferior quarry. If the same corrosion is going on inside, where the iron stays support the figure, the city may wake up one morning and find it prostrate. It has been suggested that a creditable statue might be erected out of some of the Crimean gun metal, and probably this hint will be acted upon.

A Paris correspondent, dating Monday last, states that the annual exhibitions at the Beaux Arts commence on Wednesday next, when the models sent in for the prize in sculpture will be open to the public, and continue on view for three days. The exhibition of paintings, engravings, and gem-cutting will take place on succeeding Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, and the prizes will be exhibited, together with the works sent home from the French school in Rome, from the 25th of September to the 2nd of October.

We gladly give insertion to the following letter, in the hope that it may promote some useful discussion upon an interesting and important point:

SIR,—Although no notice has been taken by THE CRITIC of the deputation of architects to Lord Palmerston, seconding his Lordship in determined resistance to Gothic as being a most unfit style for the Foreign Office, you will, perhaps, allow me to express my opinion on a matter of considerable artistic importance. As two very cogent reasons for adopting Gothic are, that it is the one best suited, or, indeed, the only one suited to the particular locality; and next, that it possesses the merit of being our "national" one. Yet the latter plea falls at once to the ground when we look at the exceedingly un-English kind of Gothic proposed by Mr. Scott's design, which is such that it is likelier than not to be "stigmatised as 'mongrel'" by those who practise, or else have studied and formed their taste and sympathies, upon our own mediæval examples of it. Under such circumstances, Mr. Scott's would be a rather hazardous architectural experiment; and we cannot well afford to make experiments of the kind on such important occasions, and attended with such cost. Again, with respect to the locality, it may fairly be questioned whether Mr. Scott's Gothic would not rather jar than accord with that of the present buildings at Westminster. At any rate, comparisons would of a certainty be provoked between his work and that of Sir Charles Barry, that would be more or less damaging to either the one or the other. Now surely, if Gothic is to be affected for an extensive Government building in the immediate vicinity of the Palace of the Legislature, it ought to agree with the latter as to general physiognomy or style, though subordinated to it as regards pretension and ambitious ornamentation.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

CRITO.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

LONDON IS BECOME A DESERTED VILLAGE! Its halls are desolate, its temples tenantless, and "the harp, the viol, the tabret and the pipe" are as though they were not. The singing-men and singing-women that threw anxiety into a furor have abandoned, *pro tem*, the scenes of their triumphs to seek elsewhere a new renown, and peradventure something more material. But though to us they may be, as Hood says, "dead as anything in existence," we track their footprints hither and thither in paths newly channelled for seclusion, in the highways of fashionable resort, or commercial consequence; and thus it will be until, tired of journeying over many lands, they retrace their steps, and buckle on their harness for a new Metropolitan warfare. Among the most noticeable musical events that have recently transpired, is the festival at Bradford, which commenced on Tuesday the 23rd ult., and extended up to Friday night, sans intermission. In order to complete a scheme devised on so broad a scale, it became necessary to draw largely on first class talent. Hence the people of Bradford have had an opportunity of hearing most of the attractive celebrities. Great events often spring from trifling causes. Bradford, from small beginnings, has become a musical town of immense importance. In the year of the Great Exhibition it was resolved to erect a temple, and the Earl of Zetland laid the first stone. From this has arisen one of the finest music halls of which England can boast. The completion of the building was celebrated by a festival, and as the profits derived from it were devoted to a charitable purpose, the inauguration proved in a twofold sense gratifying. The Bradford festival henceforward became a national institution, one regarded by Yorkshiremen especially, with feelings akin to those that every true Briton possesses for the land of his birth. The programme of the third triennial festival, that to which our remarks will now be more fully directed, contained so many choice items, that we must deal with it rather in the bulk than in detail. On Tuesday evening "Creation" was submitted; and on Wednesday morning Handel's "Te Deum" and "Judas Maccabeus." Wednesday evening a concert. Thursday morning was devoted to "St. Paul," and the evening to another miscellaneous concert. Friday morning was fixed for "Messiah," and the evening for a new cantata with other music. From a first glance at the foregoing scheme, some curiosity will arise to ascertain why a festival on so extensive a scale should commence on an evening. A ready solution to the query is found in the necessity for so doing in order to suit local tastes and conveniences. The motive for selecting Haydn's rich and glowing work to open with, was without doubt a wise one, seeing that its popularity among all classes in that neighbourhood was a guarantee for giving to the introductory performance the greatest *clat*. Bradford has obtained a decided repute for pro-

ficiency in choral music; this truth is patent to all who have heard the various bodies of vocalists grouped either to sing a delicate four-part song, or to give due effect to more colossal writing—equally up in both, so completely too, that many of our metropolitan societies might take note of them to great advantage. In order that no available point of interest might be overlooked, the solos and concerted music in the "Creation" were more widely distributed than usual; to Mme. Clara Novello were assigned the exuberant song of thanksgiving, "The marvellous work," the beautiful descriptive melody, "With verdure clad," and the grand air, "On mighty pens." In the third part, the soprano music was undertaken by Mme. Lemmens Sherrington. In both instances the enthusiasm of the audience towards the fair *artistes* frequently arose a trifle beyond "concert pitch." Despite, however, the applause awarded to Clara Novello, we must again protest against the interpolations and unjustifiable attempts to improve the "mighty master." These sportings with the text, nay, departures from it, so audaciously thrown out, will, if not continually decried, bring about consequences really disastrous to music itself. Haydn, it is well known, took unusual pains with his "Creation," because he intended it to last a long time; and we therefore much prefer Haydn's refined gold to Novello's gilding. Mme. Sherrington appeared to understand her part equally well, and treated its author and the public with more becoming respect. Mr. Sims Reeves sang "In native worth" as no other English singer can; but Mr. Wilbye Cooper was barely successful in the earlier tenor song, "Now vanish." In the two great airs, "Rolling in foaming billows," and "Now heaven in fullest glory," Sig. Belletti displayed the consummate musician and the finished vocalist. The whole of the bass music in the third part fell to the lot of Mr. Santley, and, being admirably suited to his style and voice, was performed to the general satisfaction; consequently the "happy pair" came in for a full share of the suffrages of the evening. The choruses were sung without a detectable fault or flaw—a proof of what may be achieved by a continuance of careful training. Wednesday morning's work called for the services of eight principals; but, by some strange conception with reference to musical anachronism, the glorification came before the battle. Of the Dettingen *Te Deum* little is required in explanation of its characteristics; its recent performance at the Handel commemoration brought to light many hidden truths with which the world have now grown familiar. One thing is not, perhaps, so fully appreciated, viz., that Handel had his heart so much set on the work, and had constructed it with such skill and completeness before a note was committed to paper, that scarcely an erasure was needed from the opening crotchet to the concluding breve. "Judas Maccabeus," though not the most striking effort of the great master, is far from being a puny one; it is redundant with lovely melodies, and exhibits in its vocal scorings workmanship of the highest order. Many circumstances which prompted Handel to compose this oratorio are grown out of date as historical records, and nothing now but the sheer excellence of the music gives it a vivifying stamina. Few persons in these days know anything of the first book of Maccabees, or the Antiquities of the Jews recorded by Josephus, the materials from which the plot is framed. Among the sixty-eight pieces of music in the oratorio there are several constructed to last for all time, whether heard singly in the concert-room or in their proper places in the drama; the duet "O lovely peace" will cease to charm when the land laughing with abundance becomes painful to look upon, and the valleys "smiling with wavy corn" are repugnant to the sense—not till then. The principals charged with the illustration of the bright points were Mme. Clara Novello, Mrs. Sunderland, Mme. Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Miss Freeman, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley. To Mme. Novello were allotted the recitative and air, "To Heaven's almighty King," "O Liberty," "O let eternal honours," and "From mighty kings;" Mme. Sherrington, "O grant it, Heaven," and "So shall the lute and harp;" Mrs. Sunderland had "Wise men, flattering;" and Miss Palmer the preghiera in F which opens the third part. The concerted pieces were distributed among Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, and Miss Palmer. Reeves was, as usual, great in "Sound an alarm;" and the trio and chorus, "See the conquering hero," provoked so strong a request for repetition that all rule gave way in deference thereto. In the evening nearly 3000 persons presented themselves—a greater number than on the opening night. The attractions included Mlle. Tietjens, who is entirely new to Yorkshire, Mme. Novello, Mme. Nantier Didiée, Sig. Giuglini, and Mme. Arabella Davison (Miss Goddard). Tietjens selected Mozart's air, "Non mi dir," showing that she wished to be judged by a high standard, since no one can hope to render such a composition with anything like a due effect unless there is a unity of refined sensibility and extraordinary vocal skill. The effort was quite worthy of the music, and Mlle. Tietjens was immediately enrolled among the list of first favourites. Mme. Novello gave the famous aria from "William Tell," "Selva opaca" (act ii. scene 2). This was beautifully discoursed and highly appreciated. Mme. Nantier Didiée shone conspicuously in the cavatina, "Son leggiere nell' amore," from "Maria di Rohan" (act ii. scene 2). Giuglini relied on "Della sua pace;" while Reeves, by way of contrast, went to one of his favourite fountains, "Phœbe, dearest." Mrs. Sunderland came after the great tenor and the great applause, with "O, bid your faithful Ariel fly." This produced another storm of plauditory approbation, and, as evening encores were not in the prohibitory rules attendant on the festival, the lady was recalled. Sig. Belletti treated the Bradford folk with Ricci's buffo song, "Sulla poppa del mio brik," which, though not thoroughly understood, was made enjoyable from the humour thrown into it. The choristers were seen to immense advantage in one of the finest madrigals ever written, "Down in a flowery vale," as well as in Mendelssohn's beautiful part-song, "O hills, O vales of pleasure," both of which were re-demanded with one consent. Three overtures, viz., "Fra Diavolo," "Guillaume Tell," and "Ray Blas," with other work for the orchestra, were scattered about the programme, and acted as admirable reliefs to the vocal portion of it. "St. Paul," considering the character of the work and the popularity of its composer, met with a comparatively faint reception on Thursday morning; but the concert in the evening was almost as fully attended as that of the evening previous. Among the many features of interest were the "Inflammatus est," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," given by Tietjens, and received with so much acclamation that she was requested to repeat it. She complied, with unabated vigour. More genuine as a composition, and more worthy of her great powers, was the soprano scene from Fidele, "Ah qual furor," which was declaimed with her usual intensity of feeling and with a thorough appreciation of the dramatic elements upon which it rests. Of the "Shadow song," in the new opera of "Dinorah," we have so frequently spoken in connection with Mme. Sherrington, that the mere mention of it on this occasion will suffice. Didiée sang the Page's song in the "Huguenots" superbly, and Reeves the tenor scene from "Der Freischütz," "Through the meadows." Badiali submitted to the good people of Bradford his version of the everlastingly-chimed "Il balen." It pleased, and would have been repeated but for the thickly-wedged phalanx of *artistes* who stood in the gangway "waiting to come and go." The overtures to "Semiramide" and "Preciosa," together with Beethoven's concerto in E flat, were selected for orchestral employment. The "Messiah" day was not an event so remarkable as might have been expected. In point of attendance it was less than those of four meetings

previous. The principals were Mme. Novello, Mrs. Sunderland, Mme. Sherrington, Miss Palmer, Miss Freeman, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and Sig. Belletti. Handel in his "Messiah" is as familiar and easy to the Bradford singers as the hornbook to tyros in English literature. It is needless to say more than that it received the fullest justice from all concerned in it. Another feature in the Bradford Festival—one to which considerable local importance was attached—was a new cantata entitled "The Year," by Jackson. The composer of this has won great provincial renown in being at the head of the Bradford choral body, as teacher and director. In this capacity Mr. Jackson has no superior, and is entitled to unqualified eulogy; but he mistakes his vocation when he enters the arena of musical composition against such an exciting work as the Seasons. In "The Year" the composer has had recourse to at least a dozen authors, and it is easy to imagine the embarrassment that must ensue from such a diversity of styles, and the incoherency which must be the obvious result. Here and there are found veins of melody, which, if not strikingly original, show a musical mind; but, as "The Year" is not destined to travel far beyond the district that is proud of its offspring, we scarcely think it worth while to enter minutely into it. It had a magnificent trial, and was more liberally patronised than any other performance of the week. The concert opened with the "Jupiter Symphony," a glorious orchestral triumph. Never was this masterpiece of instrumental art more majestically delivered. The spirit which animated the author and interpreter seemed powerful enough to shake Ossa and Pelion to their centres, and level them with their kindred dust; whilst the lighter strains of joy which so frequently diversify the score aptly suggested the happiness of Saturn, who, on hearing the lofty and victorious song of his son, could not but feel sure of a speedy release from bondage. "Zampa" opened the second part, and the National Anthem brought the third triennial festival to a triumphant close.

The complimentary calls were both numerous and lusty; M. Costa, the Mayor of Bradford, and Mr. Samuel Smith being most prominent. The following are the returns of the attendance for each day of the festival:

	Price each Seat.	Tuesday Evening	Wed. Morning	Wed. Evening	Thurs. Morning	Thurs. Evening	Friday Morning	Friday Evening
Stalls.....	£1 1 0	380	450	460	367	432	438	394
Area, raised...	0 10 6	451	519	521	446	43	540	524
Front Area...	0 7 6	210	131	275	92	280	185	285
West Gallery...	0 6 0	190	156	192	121	142	213	288
North Gallery...	0 3 0	371	117	579	176	459	431	604
South Gallery...	0 3 0	595	429	236	176	397	430	779
Miscellaneous	—	34	34	34	34	34	34	34
		2431	1836	2296	1422	2287	2271	2908

The last Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace was a very tame affair. It claims notice chiefly in consequence of the introduction of a lady unknown to a Sydenham audience, Mme. Martinetti Badia. The pieces selected were unfortunately such as to force comparisons, not in favour of the stranger. A good-natured company received the singer with a cordiality that must have put her on excellent terms with herself. Mme. Vining brought out a new song entitled "Tripping down the lane"—a very commonplace and ineffective production. "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Coming through the rye" operated so strongly as to require a repetition. Mozart's Symphony in E flat, Mendelssohn's overture to Athalia, and the Coronation March by Meyerbeer, all admirably played, atoned in a great measure for the want of vocal music of a better stamp than that submitted on the 27th of August.

The 136th annual meeting of the three choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester will take place at the latter city. It commences on Tuesday, the 13th inst., with a cathedral service and sermon, in aid of the Charity for the Relief of Clergymen's Widows and Orphans. Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum," Mendelssohn's psalm, "As the hart pants," and Atwood's grand Coronation Anthem, form the chief musical features. On Wednesday morning, "Elijah;" on Thursday, Beethoven's "Egredi" (Mount of Olives), Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Spohr's "Last Judgment;" and on Friday, "Messiah," as usual. The evening entertainments at the Shire Hall, on Tuesday, comprise selections from "Don Giovanni" and miscellaneous music. Sterndale Bennett's pastoral, "The May Queen," is the chief object on Wednesday; and on Thursday, selections from Rossini, with other popular music. The programme throughout wears a fresher aspect than the generality of its predecessors. The instrumental soloists are Mr. Summerhayes (pianoforte), M. Sainton and Mr. H. Blagrove (violin). The chief vocalists engaged are Mme. Clara Novello, Mlle. Tietjens, Miss Dolby, Mrs. Clara Hepworth, Miss Lascelles, Signori Giuglini, Badiali, Violetti, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Thomas, Montem Smith, and Sig. Belletti. Mr. Townsend Smith presides at the organ, Mr. Done at the pianoforte, and Mr. Arnott takes the responsible office of conductor. No less than forty-four stewards have undertaken to divide the pecuniary responsibilities of the meeting. The choral band is to consist of sixty trebles, forty-eight altos, fifty-six tenors, and sixty basses, numbering upwards of three hundred performers.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES MATHEWS are about to return to the United States, intending, it is said, a theatrical tour there. They will go by the Great Eastern.

Mlle. Piccolomini has been starring during the past fortnight in Yorkshire and Lancashire, crowded audiences being attracted by her performance of *Violetta* in "La Traviata."

It is stated that Mr. T. B. Simpson, of Cremona, following the policy of expansion which appears to have guided him in the management of that popular place of amusement, has purchased the eleven remaining years of the lease of the Surrey Gardens yet unsatisfied, for 3000*l.*, and that he intends to roof over a large part of the gardens with glass, and convert it into a Jardin d'Hiver.

On Friday the 26th ult., the magistrates of Leicester unanimously granted Mr. Townsend, the late member for Greenwich, a licence for the Theatre Royal of that town. The licence was granted for twelve months, the full period for which Mr. Townsend made application. The theatre will be opened with a company in about a week.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Hon. Colonel Bruce and Mrs. Bruce, and Captain Keppel, went to the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, on Friday night the 26th ult. The house rose on the entrance of the Prince, and cheered him enthusiastically. The performances commenced with the play of "Belphégor, the Mountebank." Mr. Charles Dillon acting the part of *Belphégor*. The farce of "The Irish Lion" succeeded the play.

A contemporary, announcing the death of a celebrated follower of Joe Grimaldi, says: "We have to announce the death of one of the best pantomimists of his time—poor Blanchard. He was bred to the stage, and acquired a world-wide celebrity among the frequenters of minor theatres by his dexterity in the use of the small and broad swords, and by his performance in serious and comic pantomime, at the Coburg (now the Victoria Theatre), which opened under the ownership of Mr. Glossop, and took its place as one of the most respectable

theatres in London. Poor Blanchard's performance of Pantaloon on the first night stamped him a favourite with the Surrey-side playgoers, and by his sword combats with Bradley, Huntley, Cobham, H. Kemble, Esq., and his performances of Don Juan, Obi, the Drunken Corporal, Pantaloon, and occasionally Clown, he kept his position during a long series of years. Age had latterly incapacitated him from following his profession, except in obscure or subordinate parts; and on Saturday, the 20th ult., poor Tom breathed his last under the terrible affliction of cancer on the tongue, and was buried on the 25th, at the Dramatic Society's ground at Woking. We believe his age was 72."

From statements which have appeared in various quarters, it would seem that the announcement that Mr. E. T. Smith has arranged for a new lease with the committee of proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre was premature. This, however, is not the case. We have reason to believe that all the differences are smoothed over, and that Mr. Smith will remain the tenant of Drury Lane at a slightly reduced rental.

The months of August and September are those in which the visitors at the Crystal Palace are more than usually numerous. Railway excursions are put forward from all parts of the country. Benefit-clubs and friendly associations pour in their thousands. School-children have their annual treats, and recently large accessions have been made to the number of visitors by the praiseworthy practice of large employers of labour giving to their workmen a day's healthful recreation at the Crystal Palace. The present year has formed no exception to the usual state of things at this season of the year, and as the railway companies have very generally offered unusual facilities for trips to London, the Crystal Palace has benefited largely by the accession to its ordinary number of visitors. The Foresters' day last week was an enormous success; the poultry show during the present week has drawn many thousands of extra visitors to Sydenham. The energetic arrangements for the present month also give promise that the attendances will continue to be maintained at a high rate. Besides frequent displays of the great fountains, the first of which is on Tuesday next, the popular autumn show of flowers and fruit takes place on Wednesday and Thursday, 7th and 8th September. This show invariably attracts a large number of persons. On Saturday, 10th September, a concert will be given at the Crystal Palace, supported by the talents of Mlle. Piccolomini, Titiens, and Borchardt, Signor Giuglini, and other artists of the Royal Italian Opera, Drury Lane, who will return from their provincial tour expressly for the occasion. On Wednesday, the 14th September, the last and most effective of the great juvenile displays of choral singing will be held in the great Handel orchestra by 6000 children and other vocalists who have acquired a taste for music by means of the Tonic Sol-fa system. The preparations for this display have long been actively proceeding under the direction of the Tonic Sol-fa committee, who are wisely of opinion that, to maintain success, progress is indispensable. Season tickets are issued from the 1st of September, at the uniform rate of half-a-guinea; and, coupled with this arrangement, it is the intention of the directors to enclose and improve the concert-room, so as to render it more generally available for winter concerts, lectures, &c., during the autumn and winter.

On Monday evening the long-talked-of retirement of Mr. Charles Kean from the management of the Princess's Theatre took place. The house was densely crowded by the admirers of the retiring manager and his accomplished wife, and the audience took frequent opportunities of testifying their high opinion of both and their regret at their retirement from this career. We are glad to find, however, from Mr. Kean's farewell speech (which we subjoin) a contradiction to the report that he and his wife intend to forsake the stage. This, as we have constantly maintained, is not the case. From the night of the 29th ult. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean merely ceased to be managers; but they do not and (we believe) never have intended to withdraw just yet finally from the stage, of which they are such distinguished ornaments. In spite of all the flourish of trumpets which has been made about the advantages derived from the splendid "revivals" at the Princess's, no secret is made of the fact that they have been productive of serious pecuniary loss to the manager. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a prosperous career of some years in a less responsible position may enable Mr. and Mrs. Kean to recover what they have lost in what we have all along maintained to be a mistaken endeavour to serve the public. The piece chosen for Mr. Kean's farewell performance at the Princess's was "Henry VIII.," after which he came forward, and delivered the following somewhat lengthy address. Lengthy as it is, however, we think it right to give it, because it affords the clearest possible insight into the views and motives which have actuated Mr. Kean throughout his management—views and motives which, correct or the reverse, must be highly honourable to him as a man and as an artist:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.—This night concludes my managerial career. The good ship which I have commanded for nine years through storm and sunshine, calm and tempest, is now about to re-enter harbour, and, in nautical phrase, to be paid off; its able and efficient crew dispersed, soon, however, to be re-commissioned under a new captain, to sail once more, as I sincerely hope, on a prosperous voyage. It is always painful to bid adieu to those with whom we have been associated long and intimately. How deeply, then, must I feel this moment of separation from my constant supporters, patrons, friends—never to meet again under the same relative circumstances. You have accompanied me through seasons of incessant toil and intense anxiety, but your encouragement has lightened my labours, and your approbation has compensated me for manifold difficulties and disappointments. I may, perhaps, be expected, on an occasion like the present, to make some allusions to the principles of management I have invariably adopted. I have always entertained the conviction that, in illustrating the great plays of the greatest poet who ever wrote for the advantage of man, historical accuracy might be so blended with pictorial effect that instruction and amusement would go hand in hand, and that the more completely such a system was carried out, so much more valuable and impressive would be the lesson conveyed. In fact, I was anxious to make the theatre a school as well as a recreation; and the reception given to the plays thus submitted to your judgment, combined with the unprecedented number of their repetitions, bear, I think, conclusive evidence that my views were not altogether erroneous. I find it impossible to believe, as some have asserted, that because every detail is studied with an eye to truth, such a plan can in the most remote degree detract from the beauties of the poet. My admiration—I may say adoration—of Shakespeare would never have allowed me to do that which I could possibly conceive would be detrimental to his mighty genius; nor can I suppose that this great master would have been more highly esteemed had I been less correct in the accessories by which I surrounded him. I would venture to ask if in the play of this evening you have lost one jot of the dramatic interest, because in the Ball Room at York-place, and at the Queen's Trial at Blackfriars, every incident introduced is closely adapted from the historical descriptions recording those very events as they actually occurred above three hundred years ago; or the death of Katherine less solemn and pathetic? I would also venture to add, that I do not think you would have been more impressed with the address of King Henry V. to his army at Agincourt had it been delivered to a scanty few, inaccurately attired, and totally undisciplined, instead of a well-trained mass of men, representing the picture of a real host, clothed and accoutred in the exact costume and weapons of the time. I remember that when I produced the "Winter's Tale" as a Greek play—that is, with Greek dresses, Greek costumes, Greek architecture—an objection was raised by some, that although the scene was situated at Syracuse—then a Greek colony, whose king consults the celebrated Oracle of Delphi—yet the play was said to be essentially English, and ought to be so presented, because allusions in various parts bore reference to this country, and to the period when the author wrote. You would, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, have been somewhat astonished and perplexed to have seen the chest containing the answer of the Greek oracle to the Greek king, supposed to have been delivered above two thousand years ago, borne upon the stage by



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the Beefeaters of Queen Elizabeth. You would, perhaps, have been equally surprised to have witnessed at this theatre Leontes, as a Greek king, in the last act attired as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark; and yet such an incongruity was accepted within the last twenty years. I have been blamed for depriving Macbeth of a dress never worn at any period or in any place, and for providing him instead with one resembling those used by the surrounding nations with whom the country of this chieftain was in constant intercourse. Fault was also found in my removal of the gorgeous banquet, and its gold and silver vessels, together with the massive candelabra (such as no Highlander of the eleventh century ever carried upon), and with the substitution of the more appropriate feast of coarse fare, served upon rust tables, and lighted by simple pine torches. I was admonished that such diminution of regal pomp impaired the strength of Macbeth's motive for the crime of murder, the object being less dazzling and attractive. Until that hour I had never believed that the Scottish thane had an eye to King Duncan's plate. I had imagined that lofty ambition, the thirst of power, and the desire of supreme command, developed themselves with equal intensity in the human heart, whether their scene of action might be the palace of an European monarch or the wigwam of an American Indian. In the tragedy of "Macbeth" I was condemned for removing splendour that was utterly out of place; while in "Henry VIII." I was equally condemned for its introduction where it was in place, and in perfect accordance with the time and situation. I was told I might be permitted to present a true picture of ancient Assyria in Lord Byron's play of "Sardanapalus;" but on no account must I attempt to be equally correct in Shakespeare's "Macbeth." That drama must remain intact, with all its time-honoured conventional improprieties. What would the poet gain, and how much would the public lose, by the perpetuation of such absurdities? Why should I present to you what I know to be wrong, when it is in my power to give what I know to be right? If, as is sometimes affirmed, my system is injurious to the poet, it must be equally so to the actor; and, surely, my most determined opponents will admit that, at least, I have pursued a very disinterested policy in this incurring, for many years, so much labour and expense for the purpose of professional suicide. Had I been guilty of ornamental introductions for the mere object of show and idle spectacle, I should assuredly have committed a grievous error; but, ladies and gentlemen, I may safely assert that in no single instance have I ever permitted historical truth to be sacrificed to theatrical effect. As a case in point, let me refer to the Siege of Harfleur, as presented on this stage. It was no ideal battle—no imaginary fight; it was a correct representation of what actually had taken place: the engines of war, the guns, banners, fire-balls, the attack and defence, the barricades at the breach, the conflagration within the town, the assault and capitulation, were all taken from the account left to us by a priest, who accompanied the army—was an eye-witness—and whose Latin MS. is now in the British Museum. The same may be said of the episodes in "Henry V." and "Richard II." Indeed, whatever I have done has been sanctioned by history, to which I have adhered in every minute particular. To carry out this system the cost has been enormous—far too great for the limited arena in which it was incurred. As a single proof I may state that, in this little theatre, where 200*l.* is considered a large receipt, and 250*l.* an extraordinary one, I expended in one season alone a sum little short of 50,000*l.* During the run of some of the great revivals, as they are called, I have given employment—and consequently weekly payment—to nearly 550 persons; and if you take into calculation the families dependent on these parties, the number I have thus supported may be multiplied by four. These plays, from the moment they first suggested themselves to my mind, until their production, occupied each about a twelvemonth in preparation. In improvements and enlargements to this building, to enable the representation of these Shakespearean plays, I have expended about 3000*l.* This amount may, I think, be reckoned at or above 10,000*l.*, when I include the additions made to the general stock; all of which, by the terms of my lease, I am bound (with the exception of our own personal wardrobe) unconditionally to leave behind me on my secession from management. I mention these facts simply as evidence that I was far more actuated by an enthusiastic love of my art than by any expectation of personal emolument; having said thus much, I need not deny that I have been no gainer in a commercial sense. More restricted notions, and a more parsimonious outlay, might perhaps have led to a very different result; but I could not be induced by such considerations to check my desire to do what I considered right, and what would, in my opinion, advance the best interests of my profession. Whatever loss I have sustained is amply recompensed by the favour you have bestowed upon my efforts. So far, indeed, from regretting the past, if I could recall the years gone by, with renewed health and strength, I would gladly undertake the same task again for a similar reward. I do not now retire from the direction of this theatre through any feeling of disappointment, but from the remembrance of the old adage, "The pitcher goes often to the well, but the pitcher at last may be broken." Mind and body require rest after such active exercise for nine years during the best period of life; and it could not be a matter of surprise if I sank under a continuance of the combined duties of actor and manager of a theatre, where everything has grown into gigantic proportions; indeed, I should long since have succumbed had I not been sustained and seconded by the indomitable energy and the devoted affection of my wife. You have only seen her in the fulfilment of her professional pursuits, and are, therefore, unable to estimate the value of her assistance and counsel. She was ever by my side in the hour of need, ready to revive my drooping spirits, and stimulate me to fresh exertion. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without correcting an erroneous impression which has to some extent gone abroad, that, in retiring from management, I also contemplate retirement from the stage. I have neither announced nor conceived such intention; but, on the contrary, I hope, if my life be spared, at least for a limited number of years, to appear as an actor. The necessity of fulfilling a long round of provincial engagements will cause a considerable time to elapse before I can again have an opportunity—should such an opportunity ever arise—of meeting my London friends; but, though far away, memory will constantly revert to the brilliant scenes I have witnessed here, and conjure up visions of the bright eyes, encouraging smiles, and gratulating voices which have so often cheered me on my course. I can never forget that whatever triumphs I may have achieved, whatever reputation I may have won, whatever I may have been enabled to accomplish towards the advancement of dramatic art, I owe to you, my best friends—to you, the public. Let me fondly cherish the hope that you will sometimes bestow a thought on the absent wanderer; and confiding in your sympathy and regard, I now respectfully and gratefully take my leave, bidding you "farewell—a long farewell."

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

### SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

**THE NEW HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.**—A resolution has been passed by the council of the Horticultural Society, to the effect "that the terms of her Majesty's Commissioners be accepted as the basis of a lease, and that the solicitor of the society be instructed to act in their behalf, in its preparation." This resolution was arrived at in consequence of the assent given by her Majesty's Commissioners to an alteration in the claims preferred by them, but objected to by the society. It is consequently now regarded as certain that the scheme will be carried out, and the new gardens formed as originally contemplated. Subscriptions to the amount of 28,000*l.* are stated to have been already tendered to the council.

**THE INSTITUTION OF MECHANICAL ENGINEERS.**—Arrangements have been made for holding the next meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Leeds, on Tuesday, the 6th, and Wednesday, the 7th of September. It is expected that a large number of eminent engineers from different parts of the United Kingdom will be present, and several papers on important subjects will be read and discussed. A collection of models and drawings, illustrative of recent improvements in steam engines, boilers, machinery, and tools, together with philosophical apparatus, specimens of working in metal, and specimens of mechanical art generally, will be exhibited in the Civil Court at the Town Hall, and a *conversazione* will be held on the 6th in the Victoria Hall.

**THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF SUSSEX.**—The *Sussex Advertiser* says: We are informed that the gentleman who have been engaged for the last three

months in surveying and mapping the district immediately surrounding this town (East Grinstead) have now completed their labours. Although the researches of Elton, Gideon Mantell, Martin, and others, had long since revealed the general structure of this part of the kingdom, nothing was known of the detail. The freshwater deposits generally known under the name of the Hastings sands, which form so striking a feature in this county, appeared to consist of confused and irregular deposits of sands, clays, shales, and limestones, and it was not until their strata had been subjected to a minute examination by the Government geologists that a clue was discovered, which will immensely facilitate the future progress of the survey in this country. We believe the credit of this important discovery, the result of the comparison of a multitude of carefully-observed facts, is due to Mr. Frederic Prew, a young geologist of great promise, who has conducted the survey in the neighbourhood of this town. We hear that Hordham will be the next centre from which the survey will be carried on, and we have no doubt that the landed proprietors, agriculturists, and all who are in any way interested in scientific pursuits and the progress of knowledge, will be as anxious as the residents in this neighbourhood to avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring valuable as well as interesting information respecting the structure, qualities, and former condition of at least that portion of the earth's surface on which they dwell.

## ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

**A TUMULUS** was opened last week near Iry Towes, Tenby, by the Rev. G. N. Smith and Mr. Bease; they only discovered an ancient British urn, imperfectly baked, and of rude workmanship.

We learn from the *Wiltshire Mirror* that the proceedings of the forthcoming congress of the British Archæological Society in Newbury are attracting considerable attention, and are looked forward to with much interest. A programme of the intended excursions, &c., has been published, from which it appears that the first day, Monday, September 12, will be chiefly devoted to the general meeting, the Earl of Carnarvon's opening address, and visits to objects of interest within the town; Tuesday, excursion to the first battle field, the Countess of Craven's park, Roman encampment at Speen, Donnington Castle, Avebury, Wickham, and Speen Church, &c.; Wednesday, Silchester, Upton Court, Alverhampton, Brimpton, and Thatcham Churches, &c.; Thursday, visit to Grimsbury Camp, and other similar objects of interest on the White Horse Hills; Friday, visit to the President at Highclere Castle, thence to Reading, reception in the Council Chamber, the Abbey ruins, Friary, churches of St. Lawrence, St. Mary, St. Giles, &c.; Saturday, excursion to the Vale of White Horse, and visit to the many objects of interest in that locality. A meeting will be held in the Mansion House on the evening of each day, when papers on various objects of local and national interest will be read.

We learn from the *Bath Chronicle* that on Monday last the members of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society proceeded to the ancient town of Glastonbury, for the purpose of holding their eleventh annual meeting. The annual meeting took place at twelve o'clock; Mr. F. H. Dickinson presided. The Rev. F. Warre then read the annual report, from which it appeared that the society is making progress, and continues to further the objects for which it was established. "The committee would refer to the volume of proceedings recently issued as an indication of the progress which is being made towards collecting materials for a County History, and they feel assured that the periodical issue of these volumes will be the means of creating and sustaining more generally an interest in the objects and pursuits to which the society is devoted. The outlay, however, which the production of such a volume involves, without any of those special donations from individual members which other societies of a similar nature frequently obtain, necessarily absorbs so large a proportion of the annual income, as to leave a very small balance for carrying out other purposes equally important. The committee are likewise engaged in preparing portions of Collinson's History of Somerset, according to the suggestion of R. W. Falconer, Esq., M.D., of Bath, to be used as the basis of a more complete and correct history of the districts to which the sections respectively relate. During the past year the committee have provided a fitting case in which to deposit the Pigott Collection of Drawings. It is with great regret the committee have to report that, on the sudden disappearance of the late curator it was found that a considerable amount of subscriptions had been collected by him, but not paid in to the treasurer. The exact amount of the defalcation has not yet been ascertained, but it is partly covered by the value of the collection of objects of natural history, &c., belonging to him, which remain in the museum as the property of the society." Upon the motion of Mr. W. A. Sanford the report was unanimously adopted. Mr. W. A. Sanford read an interesting paper on the arrangement of specimens in the museum at Taunton. The Rev. F. Warre read a paper on the word "Fig," as applied to a cross in Bridgwater, &c., by H. N. Sealy, Esq. The Rev. Mr. Jones and Mr. Serel also read interesting papers on "The reputed discovery of King Arthur's remains at Glastonbury," and "St. John's Priory." Under the guidance of the Rev. F. Warre, the company then proceeded to visit the Abbey kitchen, almshouses, barns, &c.

The Cambrian Archæological Association has just held its thirteenth annual meeting in the town of Cardigan under the presidency of the Lord Bishop of St. David's. The members assembled on Monday, the 15th inst., and were actively engaged in visiting the antiquarian remains of a highly interesting district every day throughout the past week. Each evening they assembled in the Town-hall to read memoirs and discuss various archæological points connected with them and the excursions. There was a large attendance of members, and the principal gentry and clergy of the neighbourhood took an active part in the proceedings. On three of the excursion days the members were most hospitably received at mansions situated on their line of route; and everything was done by a local committee, presided over by the Lord-Lieutenant of Cardigan-shire, to make their visit highly agreeable. On the first day the country north of Cardigan was explored and several British camps were visited; on the second day the society explored the district on the south-west side, visiting Nevern with its fine sculptured cross of the ninth century, Newport with its ancient castle of the Lords Marches, its cromlech, its church, &c.; the magnificent cromlech of Pentre Ifan, placed on the skirts of the Presleu range, some ancient mansions, and the bridge where Archbishop Baldwin preached the Crusade, accompanied by Giraldus Cambrensis. On the third excursion day the eastern end of the Presleu mountain range was thoroughly examined, and a large party remained on this remarkably beautiful mountain till a late hour, visiting the camps, graves, circles, and ancient British roads for which it is well known to antiquarians. Before getting to the mountain, however, the party had digressed to Cilgerran Castle, where G. T. Clark, Esq., delivered a valuable lecture in presence of the association on that ancient building of the thirteenth century, and on Norman castles in Wales generally. The fourth day's excursion included the Priory of St. Dogmael's, Cardigan Priory Church, Cernarth Falls, and the Castle of Newcastle-Emlyn. The weather was fine throughout, and the excursions were very numerously attended.

Some of the most remarkable objects of antiquity visited were several early inscribed stones bearing "ogham" on their edges; one of them in particular, at St. Dogmael's Priory, is of great interest, the Latin inscription and the "ogham" inscription being the exact rendering of the other, and commemorating Sagramnus, son of Cunedda, a British prince, known to have lived in the sixth century. Few parts of Wales are so rich in early inscriptions as the country round Cardigan. The papers read at the evening meeting were numerous and of considerable interest, touching upon many topics connected with local antiquities and Cambrian archaeology in general. The Bishop presided with great ability, taking a very energetic part in the discussions and delivering several speeches (especially the opening address) of unusual learning and spirit. A temporary museum was, as usual, formed for the occasion. It contained large collections of coins, seals, rubbings, pedigrees, early printed books, and many important MSS., including the most important records of the Barony of Kemeas, from the muniment room of its possessor, Mr. T. D. Lloyd, of Bronwydd. The week's proceedings terminated with a ball after the Bishop's departure; and the next annual meeting for 1860 was fixed to be held at Bangor.

### LITERARY NEWS.

THE REV. F. B. FALKNER, M.A., late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed to the Mastership of Brackley Grammar School, in the gift of Magdalen College, Oxford.

The "Lounge at the Clubs" of the *Illustrated Times* states that Mr. Charles Dickens has decided against the offer which was made to him to give readings in the United States.

According to the same authority, the *Welcome Guest*, having passed into the hands of a new proprietor, will shortly undergo a change in its appearance. In about a week's time it will be brought out in the same shape, and at the same price, as *All the Year Round*. Mr. Robert Brough will be the editor, and various good hands are mentioned as likely to be on the staff.

The *Bookseller* says that Mr. F. W. Fairholt, who has just published a very interesting history of tobacco, is preparing for publication a new and cheaper edition of his "History of Costume in England," with some extra illustrations. It is intended to be a complete history of dress from the earliest times to the close of the fifteenth century.

The London correspondent of the *Bury Times* says: "The long-promised *Dial*, the daily joint-stock newspaper which is to smash up the *Times*, is not abandoned. The shareholders are gradually though slowly increasing, and there is a prospect of its appearance with the New Year. The promoters, however, have to contend against a difficulty which they never dreamed of when the scheme was first broached—the penny daily press, which is now a great fact, but which was not then in existence."

A conference on the revision of the Liturgy was held at Lord Ebury's residence in town, on the 24th ult., at which it was determined that steps should be immediately taken for ascertaining the sentiments of the laity. The clergy, it was stated, are too much fettered by their engagements to be able to give free expression to their opinions. It is not so with the laity; and, certainly, in a matter of so much importance it is highly desirable that the public voice should be heard one way or the other. Hitherto the matter has been mainly confined to the House of Lords. It was mentioned at the meeting that in the next session of Parliament a member of the House of Commons would bring forward the question in that House simultaneously with the renewal of Lord Ebury's annual motion in the Peers. Petitions are also likely to be got up in favour of the measure both in England and Ireland.

The *Derby Mercury* says: "The readers of Scott's novels will probably be startled to hear that 'Madge Wildfire' has only just thrown off the mortal coil. Elizabeth Graham, the real 'Madge,' originally lived near Melrose, and when a young and beautiful girl was one night seduced by a villain, who was called a gentleman. The wretched girl's reason fled with her honour, and she took up her abode in a wild cave. She gave birth to a dead child, and when its body was taken to the churchyard she quitted her inhospitable retreat, and for some weeks spent her days and nights in watching the grave in which it was laid. At length she returned to her cave, and ever since the poor crazy creature has led a life of dreadful privation. She expired last week, near Galashiels, her death resulting mainly from exposure and want."

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* announces that a prize of 100l. has been placed at the disposal of the council of the society by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., to be awarded for "the best Essay on the Applications of the Marine Alga and their products, as food or medicine for man and domestic animals, or for dyeing and other manufacturing purposes. Competitors must give the results of their original investigations on sea-weeds, and they must prepare a series of specimens illustrative of the best modes of collecting, preserving, and preparing the several species. Mere compilations will not be admitted to competition." The essays, with accompanying specimens, must be sent to the Society of Arts by the 31st of December, 1860. Each essay to be marked "Essay on Marine Alga," and to have a motto or distinctive mark attached, which mark must also be written on a sealed letter, containing the name and address of the author. The letters containing the names and addresses of the authors will remain with the Society of Arts, and none will be opened except that bearing the motto or mark attached to the essay to which the adjudicators award the prize. Copies of the conditions may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Society of Arts.

The *Photographic News* has the following: "We believe it was the elder Niebuhr, who, in his travels in Arabia, first mentioned those huge rock-inscriptions of Sinai, which seem to extend to the length of several miles. Johannes von Müller alludes to them most pointedly, and recommends them to the attention of travellers and archaeologists. We are not aware whether Sir G. Wilkinson ever mentioned them in his works, being subjects of an ambiguous bearing. However, nothing satisfactory could have been made of them until now, when albumenised plates, 36 inches long, can bring them down to the meanest understanding, as the phrase goes. It was, of course, quite impossible to erect any scaffolding on the flanks of Mount Sinai, and to copy those rock-tablets, at any rate incompletely and unsatisfactorily. But now the remedy is easy. At whatever height those inscriptions may exist, and whatever extent they may embrace, they will and must descend, in *propria persona*, as it were, and reappear on the sheets of the camera with all their characteristics. In such cases lies the triumph of photography, to render services to science and art which hitherto no amount of labour, or the most wasteful expense, could have achieved. We trust the time will not be distant, when some of our enthusiastic travelling photographers will spend their vacations in copying those rock-tablets of the Sinai of Moses. Judging from the inscriptions of Nineveh, they may illustrate the historical part of our sacred books."

On Friday last, the 26th ult., Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson disposed of the library of the late Douglas Jerrold, Esq. The collection was a very miscellaneous one, and many of the lots were far from being in good condition, whilst in some instances a missing volume, or lost number of a serial publication,

reduced the value almost to that of waste paper. Still the desire to possess some relic of the departed humorist was so great, that the prices fetched were much higher than were anticipated, and the total amount realised was 179l. 3s. Among the better lots were: Knight's Shakespeare (1843), eleven volumes, with Jerrold autograph, 15s. (Mr. Lloyd); Knight's National Shakespeare (1851), 4l. 4s. (Whittingham); *Memoires completes du Duc de St. Simon*, 2l. 12s. 6d. (Mr. Forster); the *Harleian Miscellany*, in 12 vols., 4l. 4s. (Heath); Dr. Lightfoot's Works, in 13 vols., 3l. 4s. (Ogle); the *Retrospective Review*, both series, 18 vols., 6l. 5s. (Willis); Dr. Kitt's Pictorial Bible, 3l. 8s. (B.). Jerrold's own set of *Punch*, from Vol. I. to Vol. XXX., was sold to Mr. Lloyd for 3l. 11s.; and a portrait of Jerrold fetched 8l. 8s.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* puts the following query in a letter headed "Quincey or De Quincey?" "Sir,—Sixty-five years ago come December I was apprenticed to the drug business in the shop now occupied by Mr. Gibbons in Market-street-lane. The adjoining premises, now Messrs. Thomson, booksellers, was then a warehouse, the firm Mufflon and Lennox, in the Irish linen trade, successors to Mr. Quincey. I knew Mr. Quincey's residence very well; it was then a delightful walk in the fields, in the neighbourhood of Greenheys, Cornbrook, separating the road from the grounds. I wish to ask you if you think you are correct in adding 'De' to the name Quincey? I know De Quincey, the Opium Eater, tells us he spent his early days here, at Greenheys; but that addition to the name was not used at the time to which I have alluded, so far as it came to my hearing.—Yours respectfully, A. PRITCHARD. Broughton, August 25, 1859.—P.S. I always thought the 'De' was added by the Opium Eater to give more consequence to his name." To this the Editor adds: "We cannot answer the question further than by stating that in Laurent's map of 1795 it is marked as 'Mr. Quincey's house,' the 'De' being omitted. The name does not occur in the oldest Manchester Directory that we have at hand, that of 1797."

The *Bookseller* gives the following very interesting historical account of the great publishing firm, Longman and Co:

THE HOUSE OF LONGMAN AND CO.—The retirement of Mr. Brown, and the death of a former partner, Mr. Orme, have naturally directed attention to this, with one exception, the oldest house in the trade in London. Like some of our other well-known institutions, its origin is lost in obscurity, although, unlike many of them, we are able to trace the founder, or, at any rate, the first of the dynasty, in the person of Mr. Thomas Longman. When the house commenced business we know not; the first time we find the name is on the title-page of "An Inquiry into our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue," published in 1725 by J. Osborn and T. Longman; and the same year we find a book of Whiston's bearing the same names. At this time the sign of their house was the "Ship," which in 1730 became the "Ship and Black Swan." What became of J. Osborn we cannot tell, but in 1736 we find Thomas Longman alone in business, which he appears to have carried on very successfully until his death in 1765; his widow survived him, and died in 1762. On the death of the first Thomas Longman, a nephew, of the same name, succeeded to the business. He is said to have been a man of most exemplary character, and universally esteemed for his uprightness in business and for his benevolence in private life. He died at Hampstead, February 5, 1797, leaving two sons; George, the second one, M.P. for Malden, was a stationer in partnership with John Dickinson; Edward, the youngest, was drowned at sea; Thomas Norton, the eldest, succeeded to the business and to many good points of his father's character. The business, previous to this time, had been much increased by the purchase or acquisition of some of the best copyrights of the day, and by opening accounts with a large number of the best houses in the provinces; it had also been largely engaged in the American trade, and, to the honour of the booksellers of that country, he is said that after the declaration of independence they did not repudiate the debts incurred as colonists. Mr. Owen Rees entered in 1794, and soon afterwards became partner, and the business was carried on as Longman and Rees till 1804. Mr. Rees retired from the business at Midsummer, 1807, but died September 5, in the same year. In 1804, Mr. Cosmo Orme, a valued assistant, had entered into partnership with Mr. Thomas Hurst, who had got together a large country business; but it was thought desirable to retain his services, and the firm became that of Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme. From this time may be dated the great rise in the fortunes and business of the house. They published large and expensive works, and assumed the first position in the trade, a position they have kept ever since. About this time they also engaged largely in the old book trade. We have before us at this moment one of their catalogues for the year 1813, containing enough articles to cause even Dr. Bandinel to commit a breach of the tenth commandment, although he has the whole Bodleian library to himself. In this scarce and curious quarto volume we find the celebrated "Roxburgh Ballads," now in the British Museum; a Pennant's "London," marked 3004; a Granger's "Biographical Dictionary," 7504; a Lyson's "London," 6504; Pilkington's "Dictionary of Painters," 420; two volumes of "Cromwelliana," 2504; an extraordinary assemblage of Caxton, Wynkyn de Worde, and other early printed books, one supposed to date from 1446; a unique assemblage of "Garrickiana," and many other articles of a marvellous character. But this old book room is of the things of the past. We remember the last of it at Sotheby's. In or about the year 1794 the business of Mr. James Evans, a wholesale bookseller in the Row, who failed, had been acquired; and this, with the business brought by Hurst, placed the house of Longman in the front rank not only of publishers, but as wholesale booksellers, as at this time their country business was one of the first, if not the very first, in the Row. Mr. Hurst unfortunately got mixed up in some bill transactions with other houses in the trade, and was compelled to leave. He left the house in the early part of 1826, and died an inmate of the Charter House, June 2, 1847, aged seventy-two. The year 1811 ushered in another partner in the person of Mr. Thomas Brown, whose retirement was gazetted so recently as June last. Mr. Brown's father, Mr. Christopher Brown, was, like himself, well known in the Row, by having passed all his life there. He was apprenticed to Mr. Richard Baldwin, but left that house for Longman's when there were but three other assistants. Here he remained all his life; and there "never was an assistant in any establishment that possessed more assiduity and integrity, or with an acuteness of feeling for the interest of his employer, that could be exceeded; the business he got through even at an advanced period of life with clearness, precision, and expedition, was truly astonishing; and, as may readily be supposed, he was a great favourite with Mr. Longman, who left him a small legacy when he died in 1795. But Mr. Christopher Brown's great friend was Mr. Thomas Evans, a testy Welshman, who carried on a large business at No. 32 in the Row, having begun life as porter to Mr. W. Johnston, of Ludgate-hill. On magazine nights Mr. Brown, after leaving Longman's, used to assist him; they appear to have been of kindred habits, and Evans left him the bulk of his fortune when he died in 1803. He, however, did not long enjoy it, for his death took place in 1807. His son, the present Mr. Thomas Brown, who received his education at Christ's Hospital, where he was the contemporary of Charles Lamb, Lloyd, Coleridge, and Le Grice, entered the house as a lad in October, 1792, and was apprenticed in December in the same year, and in 1811 became partner. Unlike most others, he has all along lived in one of the houses occupied by the firm, and, although no longer a member, cannot make up his mind to leave the domicile of nearly seventy years. During the term of his partnership Mr. Brown managed the cash department, and it is not too much to say that in no house in the trade has there been greater regularity in the payment of accounts, and also in what is of so much consequence in a publishing house, in the keeping of authors' accounts, so that there never was any shuffling or irregularity. An author could always learn at stated times what was coming to him and when he might receive it. We hope for many years to come to see the well-known form promanaging the shady court of the Stationers' Hall, or enjoying the quietude of Amen-corner, or studying the picturesque architecture of Wick-square. Mr. Brown is treasurer of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, and has ever regarded the Booksellers' Retreat as being under his special protection.

\* J. Osborn; there is a tradition that this person was a lady, the aunt of Thomas Longman.  
† No one is apprenticed to the bookselling business in the Row now; Messrs. Longman's last apprentice was bound to them in 1838.



According to the report of the Colonisation Committee, a strong opinion is entertained by most of the present settlers in favour of the use of the English language in the courts of law. Some go so far as to advocate the employment of English judges generally, till the natives are farther advanced in civilisation. Mr. Mallens, a missionary, says that "if we had a large increase of English judges or English judicial officers of all grades, even with English as the language of the courts, such courts would be an immense blessing to the country." On the other hand, there is a strong opinion entertained by some witnesses, principally on the part of the civil service, against such a change. A third party are for an intermediate course, limiting the use of the English language to superior courts of law in the great cities like Dacca, Moorsheebad, or Patna. In favour of the introduction of the English language, it has been stated that even the language now used in the courts of Bengal, the Hindue, is not generally understood by the people of Bengal, nor very much more understood than the Persian language (then the legal language) was ten years ago. The European judge himself is represented as not always fully understanding the proceedings. It is added, that in Western and Southern India several different languages prevail which the judge cannot know; and that good interpreters can be easily obtained. Interesting evidence is given by many witnesses, and among them by Sir John Lawrence, on the importance of extending a knowledge of the English language among the natives, and of their willingness and aptitude to learn it. They therefore suggest that we should act as the French and other nations do in their colonies (indeed, as we do in Ceylon), and freely use our own language; or take the proceedings down in English, as is done in the Supreme Court, where every question is put in the witness's language as well as in the language of the judge. Finally, they say that justice would be better administered through the medium of a language fully understood by the judge; and that the natives would eventually value the court, not according to the language used, but according to the justice administered in it. Against the use of the English language it is said that, after its adoption, the natives would "lose all confidence in the courts;" that such a policy "might endanger our empire;" that you would, in such case, "touch a chord which would vibrate from north to south and from east to west; that the natives would think it a gross injustice, and a badge of conquest;" in short, in the words of Mr. Marsham, that "it would be the greatest misfortune which could possibly happen to the country." It is gratifying to observe, on the authority of ample evidence, that the natives have the highest opinion of the integrity of English judges, both in the civil service and in the Supreme Court. There is also a high appreciation of the legal and judicial tone of mind which prevails in the supreme courts of the Queen.

The resolutions adopted by the Roman Catholic bishops at the recent meeting held in Dublin are published, and run to an extreme length, and discuss other questions besides "mixed education." This, however, is the most important topic dealt with. The following are the most stringent of the resolutions agreed to, and the whole of them are embodied in a pastoral address, to be read from every pulpit and altar:—"That schools for Catholic youth should be such as to ensure for them the benefit of a safe secular education, and adequate religious instruction in the faith and practices of the Catholic Church. They should be, therefore, so subordinated to bishops in their respective dioceses as that no books may be used in them for secular instruction to which the ordinary shall object; and that the teachers, both as to appointment and removal, and the selection of all books for religious instruction, and the arrangements for it, be under the control of the same ordinary. That the principles enunciated can be adequately embodied and acted upon in this country only on a system of education exclusively for Catholics. That the Catholics of Ireland have a right to obtain such a proportion of the aid annually allocated by Parliament for education as, regard being had to their numbers and the condition of the Catholic population, will suffice for the establishment and maintenance of schools to be conducted on thoroughly Catholic principles. That the concessions of grants for exclusively Catholic schools in Great Britain and in the British colonies is conclusive evidence of the fairness of the claim to a grant being made for Catholic schools in Ireland, and that the Catholic people of Ireland should therefore insist, through their representatives in Parliament, and by direct application to the Government, on obtaining such a grant. That the national system of education, though tolerated on account of the particular circumstances of the country, must be, from its very nature, in several respects objectionable to Catholics, and that the changes made in its rules, from time to time, having been averse to Catholic interests, have increased the distrust of the Catholic episcopacy. That we signalise as especially objectionable the non-recognition of the control over education which the Catholic Church holds to have been conferred on bishops by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, when He said to His Apostles, 'Go, teach all nations' (Matt. xxviii. 19). That we shall embody the substance of the above resolutions in a memorial to the Chief Secretary of State for Ireland, calling on the Government to take our claims into consideration and to grant them. That we shall call the attention of the Government to the constitution of the Board of Poor Law Commissioners, exclusively Protestant, to the condition of the poor in the workhouses, who are treated in a manner much worse than the felons in the jails or other delinquents, and are left in many cases in a state of the greatest spiritual destitution, and to the other countless grievances of the system, arising from the intolerable state of the Poor Law and its operation, as also to the destitute religious condition of Roman Catholic sailors in Her Majesty's navy."

The *Scotsman* announces, with somewhat of a jubilant air, the decease of two cheap papers: "Two Edinburgh papers (the *Daily Express* and *Weekly Herald*) ceased to exist on Saturday—their decaying remains being handed over for interment to our venerable neighbour the *Mercury*."

The Prince Consort has, through his secretary, intimated to the town council of Aberdeen that, as he has only made arrangements for staying over one night in that city, at his visit to the meeting of the British Association, he will be

unable to avail himself of the pleasure of accepting the invitation of the town council to a banquet on that occasion. His Royal Highness is, it is stated, to be the guest of the Convent of the county of Aberdeen, Mr. Alexander Thompson, of Banchoy.

The *Journal des Débats* is the only Paris newspaper that has been chosen enough to avoid a warning, notwithstanding its known adherence to the House of Orleans. The *Siecle* has been warned three times; the *Constitutionnel* twice; *La Presse* twice; the *Patrie* twice; the *Univers* twice; and the remaining papers at least once. Even the railway paper has not escaped.

It is stated that the Duc d'Anjou has lately purchased a library in Paris for 15,000*l.*, said to be very rich in fine and rare editions. The Duke's library was already one of the finest private collections in the world, and he one of the leading members of the Philobiblion Society.

The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres had proposed a prize for the best essay on the following subject:—"Ascertain what may have been the different kinds of fabulous narratives, called romances, that existed in Greek and Latin antiquity down to the fifth century of our era, and whether the ancients did not sometimes confound such relations with history." In the last sitting of the Academy, the prize was awarded to M. Chassang, a professor of the Superior Normal School.

We learn from a paragraph that the brevet of Marshal of France which was granted to the celebrated Catinat by Louis XIV., and signed by his Majesty, was, together with about a hundred autographs of distinguished men of the seventeenth century, Corneille, Molière, Racine, Fénelon, Bossuet, &c., sold by auction on Saturday in the rooms in the Rue Drouot; but there were no buyers, and the whole went for the small sum of 20*fr.*

The town council of Berlin has just subscribed 1600*l.* to a foundation in honour of Humboldt, destined to afford aid to learned men and travellers in the prosecution of the studies to which he devoted his long life.

### BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Apel's (H.) Selection of German Prose Stories, 12mo. 2s. 6*d.* cloth.  
Armstrong's (F. C.) Bella Sandford: a Tale, new edition, foolscap 8vo. 2s. boards.  
Bayly's (Mrs.) Ragged Homes and How to Mend them, 2nd edition, foolscap 8vo. 3s. 6*d.* cloth.  
Beard's (J. R. D.) Self-Culture, Part I. crown 8vo. 8*d.* sewed.  
Biblical (The) Reason Why, with Introduction by a Clergyman, crown 8vo. 2s. 6*d.* cloth.  
Bohn's Scientific Lib.: Chevreul on Colour, 2nd ed. illust. post 8vo. 3s.; addit. plates 7*d.* 6*d.* cl.  
Boy's (The) Birthday Book, by Mrs. Hall and others, illustrated, crown 8vo. 1*s.* cloth.  
Burne's Poetical Works, Centenary edition, edit. by J. & A. Macpherson, illust. fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* cl.  
Caron's (J.) First French Class Book, 12mo. 1*s.* cloth.  
Castle Builders (The), 3rd edition, foolscap 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.  
Chambaud's Fables Choieses, new edition, corrected and enlarged by Piquet, 18mo. 2*s.* cloth.  
Clarence's Spare Minutes Redeemed, 16mo. 1*s.* cloth.  
Cooke's (H.) Count de Perbruck, an Historical Romance, 2 vols. post 8vo. 2*s.* 1*s.* cloth.  
Crompton's (S.) Life and Times, by G. J. French, crown 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.  
Domestic Stories, by the Author of "John Halifax," new edition, foolscap 8vo. 2*s.* boards.  
Dumas' (A.) Countess de Charny, foolscap 8vo. 2*s.* boards.  
Elliot's (C. J.) Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians, 2nd edit. revised, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* cl.  
Family (The) Cyclopædia, crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cloth.  
Gambie's (Rev. H. J.) Sermons, crown 8vo. 7*s.* cloth.  
Goodwin's (Rev. H.) Parish Sermons, 1st series, 3rd edition, 12mo. 6*s.* cloth.  
Gutter's (A. L. V.) Vicissitudes of Italy, new edition, foolscap 8vo. 2*s.* boards.  
Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput, with French Translation by Dr. Pirsch, fcp. 8vo. 3*s.* sewed.  
Halcombe's Speaker at Home, and Stone (W. H.) on Physiology of Speech, fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.  
Hodson's Household Novels: Snugglers and Foresters, by Kettle, new edit. fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.  
Hymns from the Land of Luther, Translated from the German, 3rd series, in 1 vol. 8*s.* 3*s.* cl.  
James's (W.) Naval History of Great Britain, new edition, Vol. V. foolscap 8vo. 5*s.* cloth.  
Jans and Jessie, by Maggie, illustrated, square, 6*d.* ad.  
McCliland's (J.) Medical Topography of Bengal and N.W. Provinces, post 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth.  
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